Cuba and India: Communism Shows Its Hand
November 22, 1962 25¢
Our Integrated Army

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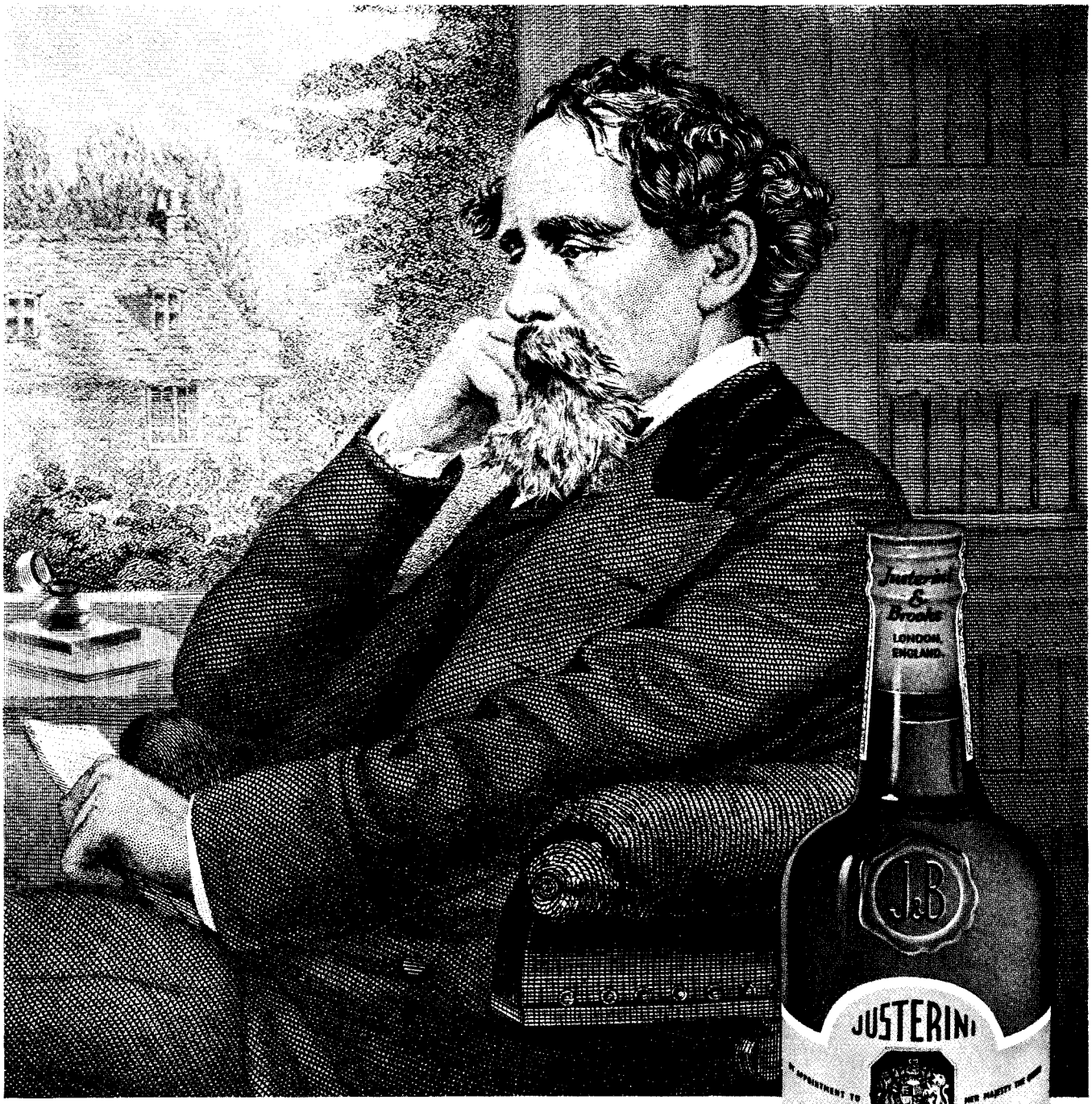

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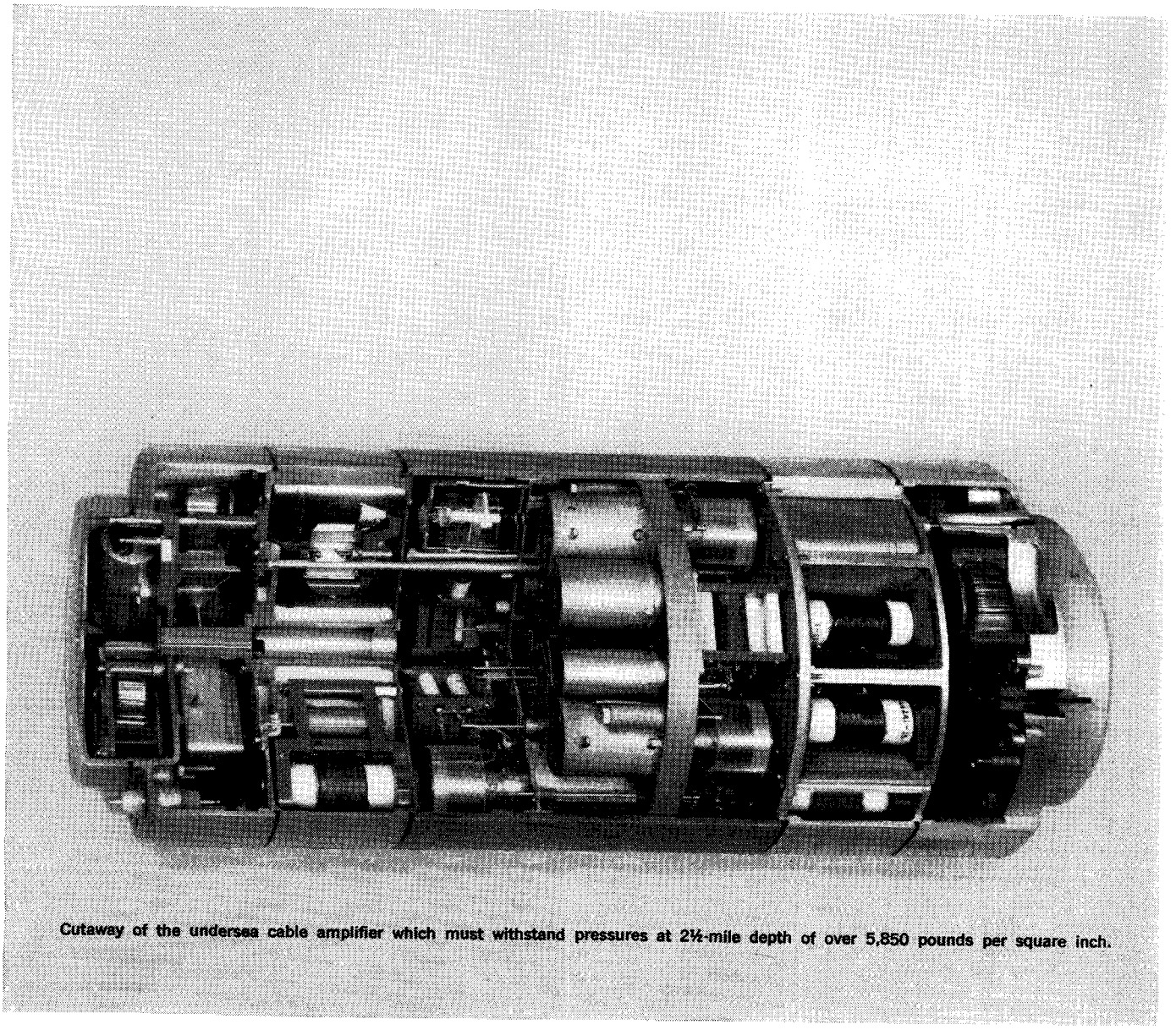

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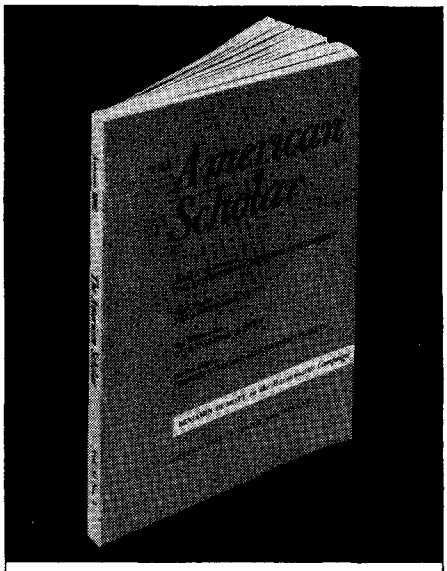

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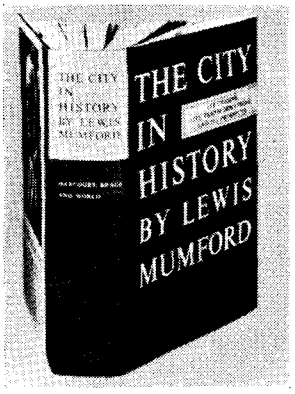

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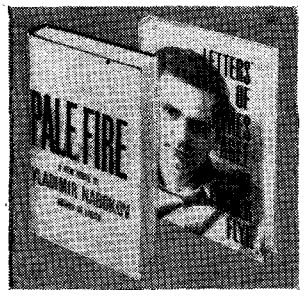

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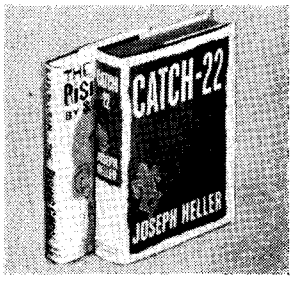

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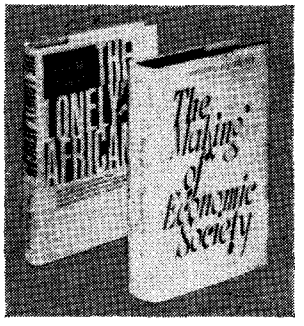

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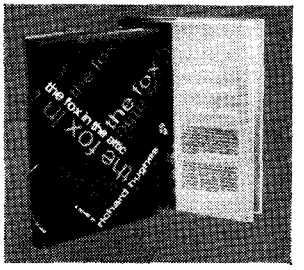

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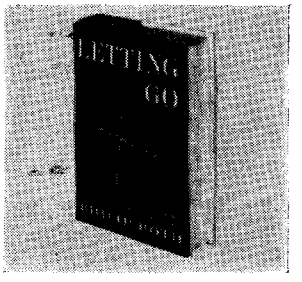

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MACMILLAN

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MID-TERM ELECTIONS are usually pretty dull affairs: the President's party loses seats in the House and a few new faces appear in the Senate and the state capitols. This year things turned out differently. Although the House will get a few more Democrats from the North and West and a few less from the South, the President's party effectively maintained its substantial majority, challenging a long tradition and discomfiting the prophets. And while it is much too early to say much about the new faces that will appear in the Senate and the state capitols, there has certainly been a great deal of talk about one face that will *not* appear in one state capitol. In his editorial **Max Ascoli** discusses the curiously invigorating effect of the voters' sovereign expression on November 6.

IF the President's response to the presence of missiles in Cuba has given the Communists a chance to get a better understanding of what kind of people we are, surely the Russians' behavior in Cuba and the Chinese invasion of India have served to give us—and many others around the world—a better understanding of the nature of Communism. We believe that at this time, if ever, we must take a hard look at international affairs, and in this issue we present what we consider to be several contributions toward that end. **Henry A. Kissinger,** who is a member of the faculty in the Center for International Affairs at Harvard, is the author of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* and *The Necessity for Choice: Prospects of American Foreign Policy* (both published by Harper and available in paperback Doubleday Anchor Books). . . . **Max Frankel** is with the Washington Bureau of the New York *Times*. . . . **Marvin Kalb** represents CBS News in Moscow. . . . **Prem Bhatia,** resident editor of the *Times of India* in Delhi, is in this country to lecture under the auspices of the English Speaking Union.

PROCEEDING from last month's referendum, which endorsed his plan for direct election of a president, to this month's balloting for the National Assembly, President de Gaulle has called on the people of France to place the national interest above partisan politics. "It is a fact today," the general said in a television address, "that to confuse the old-time parties with France and the Republic would be simply ridiculous. . . . I say that for democracy to endure it is absolutely necessary for this majority to be confirmed and grow, and, to begin with, to be established in parliament." The French president, however, cannot expect a Gaullist majority in the new Assembly: the anti-Gaullist parties were united against the referendum and remain solidly opposed to de Gaulle's political reforms. But our French correspondent, **Edmond Taylor,** is inclined to think that since the referendum his conflict with the parties will be conducted rather after the fashion of a U.S. President faced with a hostile Congress. . . . Was it "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman who said, "Farmers should raise less corn and more hell?" The advice is being followed by a militant group called the National Farmers Organization. **Julius Duscha,** a reporter on the Washington *Post*, describes how the NFO staged the first important farmers' strike since the depression. . . . **Robert E. Schweitz,** who covers the Pentagon for the Army Times Publishing Company, has followed the progress of racial integration in the armed forces for several years.

OUR REALISTIC short story is by **M. N. York,** who currently lives in Rhodesia. . . . The talented British humorists of the revue "Beyond the Fringe" have given our reviewer, **Nat Hentoff,** their comments on the state of satire in American entertainment. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity*. . . . **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.,** was born in Montana and still lives there. His *The Way West* won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1949. . . . **Nelson W. Polsby** is assistant professor of government at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut. . . . **Michael Harrington** writes regularly on social and cultural matters.

Our cover for this issue is by **Mozelle Thompson.**

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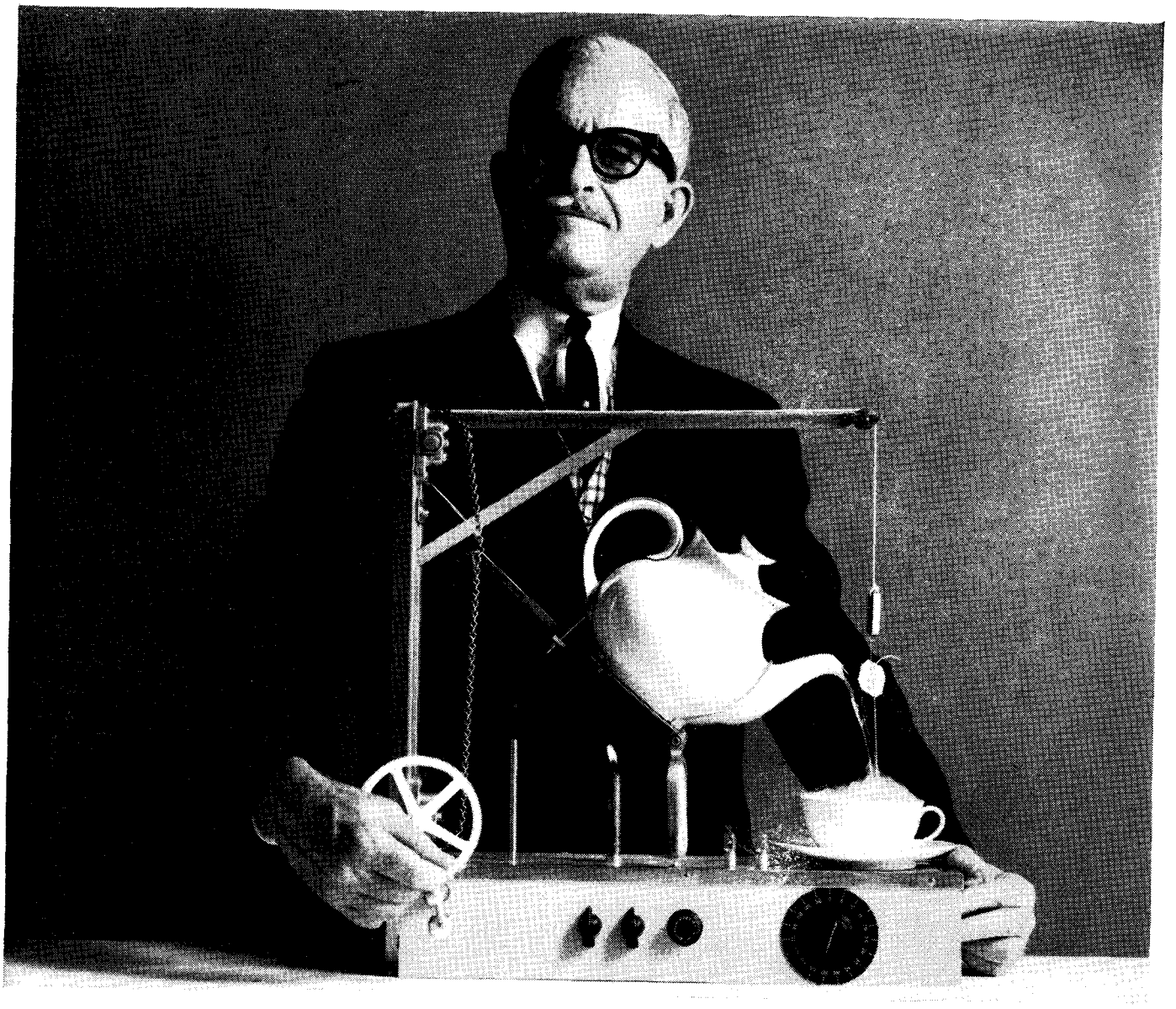

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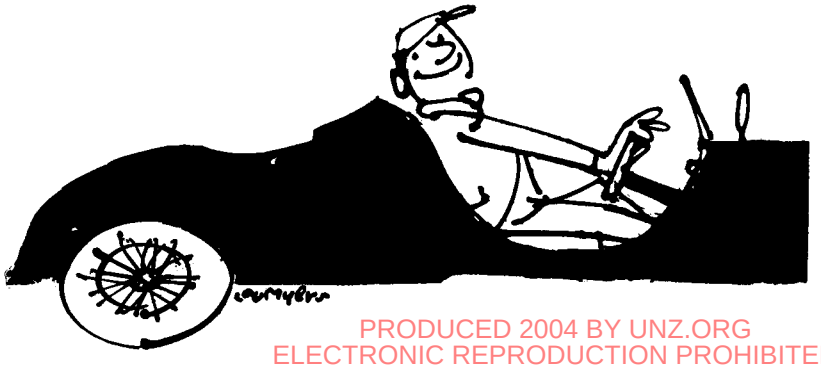

CORRESPONDENCE

FEDERAL AID

To the Editor: I read Donald R. McNeil's article "A Billion for Barry" (*The Reporter*, October 11) with both interest and disappointment. I found his compilation of figures interesting, but the intellectual dishonesty of his implications disappointed me.

Mr. McNeil listed the variety of ways in which the Federal government spent money in the State of Arizona during 1961. Although figures at my disposal vary from his to some extent, I don't feel that it's necessary to quibble about specific items or his total. However, the implications were clear throughout his article that those who believe in the concept of individual freedom and responsibility oppose the enumerated Federal activities and would, if given the opportunity, end all of them. This, I submit, is an oversimplified, juvenile approach to a serious problem which concerns millions of Americans.

Mr. McNeil has conveniently labeled all of the functions of the Federal government that touch Arizona in some way as Federal aid. Article I, Section 8, of the Constitution gives Congress the power "to establish post offices." Mr. McNeil has lumped the expenditure for post-office purposes in the amounts that came into Arizona in 1961. The Constitution charges the Federal government with providing defense for our lives and our property and our freedom, and yet Mr. McNeil adds this amount into what he calls Federal aid.

Ever since we've had a government, we have had Federal courts, as provided by the Constitution, and yet the author has lumped some $3 million spent in our state last year for these purposes in with Federal aid.

These are just a few examples of monies which have always been spent by the Federal government in the various states, which spending is provided for by the Constitution and which in no way can be considered Federal aid. No government can be run tax-free; we pay local taxes, county taxes, state taxes, and Federal taxes, and the reason for paying these taxes is to provide the various governments with monies to do things for us that we cannot well do for ourselves, such as road work, the construction of sewers, the maintenance of police forces, highway patrols, sheriffs' offices, etc., at the levels of local governments. Those of us who oppose the true Federal aid feel that these functions provided by the Federal government can be better done by local governments or by the people themselves.

Now let's go one more step with Mr. McNeil's reasoning. He talks about the expenditure of monies for reclamation purposes without telling his readers that eighty-five per cent of these funds will be repaid by the users of these

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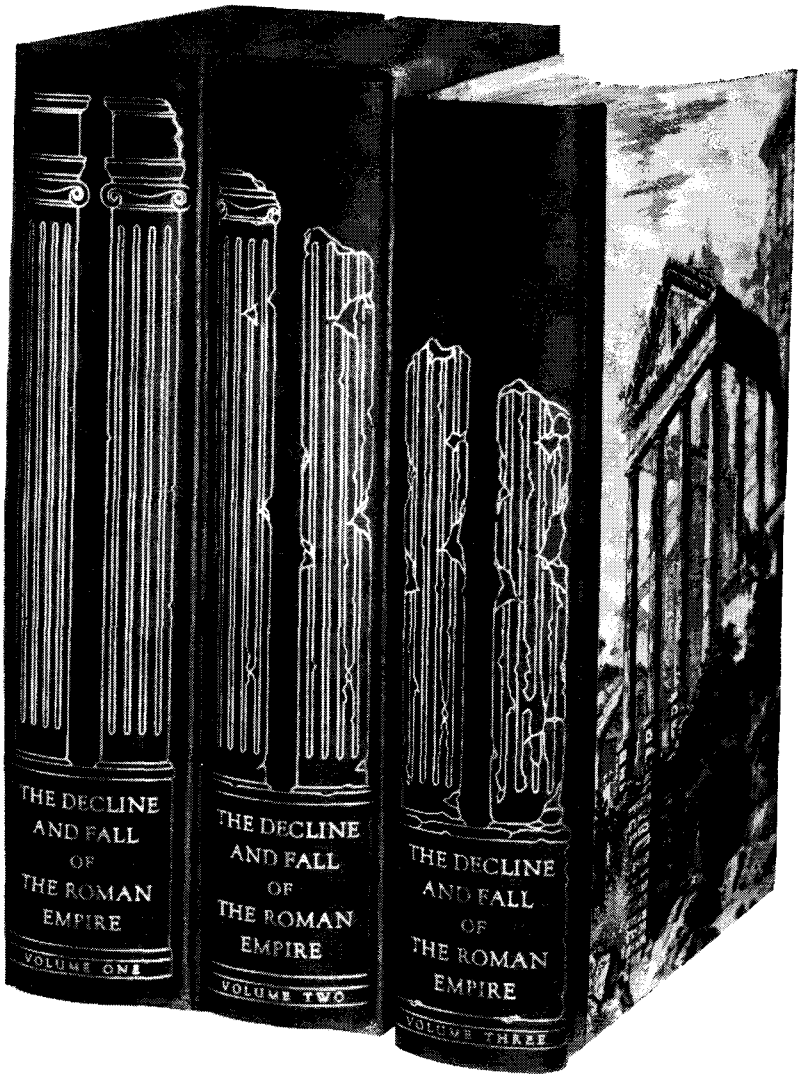
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projects. Then he lumps the $68.8 million paid in the form of Social Security as Federal aid, not stopping to think that these recipients are only receiving their own money plus an equal amount donated by their employer from the Social Security fund.

Then he makes the commonest mistake of all, when he states that Arizona got nearly $8 million in Federal aid-to-education funds. Under Public Laws 815 and 874, both of which were written to provide lieu funds for areas impacted by Federal activities, Arizona received a total of approximately $6.5 million and most of this went to pay for the education of Indian children, whom I am sure even a writer like Mr. McNeil would recognize as being the responsibility of the Federal government under treaties.

At one point in his compilation Mr. McNeil stated that I face "formidable obstacles in trying to convince Arizonans that the Federal government should withdraw from the economy." I am not trying to convince Arizonans of any such complete withdrawal and I am certain Mr. McNeil knows that.

Conservatives are fearful of an ever-expanding Federal government and oppose Federal programs that encroach upon individual rights. However, no responsible conservative advocates the abolishment of the Federal government despite Mr. McNeil's ridiculous implication to the contrary.

It is my conviction that the activities of the Federal government should basically be limited to maintaining internal order, keeping foreign foes at bay, administering justice, and removing obstacles to the free interchange of goods. I believe that this doctrine would be endorsed by most conservatives in Arizona and elsewhere. It would seem appropriate, therefore, if Mr. McNeil and others would keep in mind the actual conservative position rather than one which they have conveniently dreamed up, when they attempt to discuss the issues of the day.

BARRY GOLDWATER
U.S. Senate

Mr. McNeil replies:

Most newsgathering agencies and mass media treat Senator Barry Goldwater not just with fairness but with deference. Even the few critical pieces that have been written about him invariably carry the disclaimer that whatever his views, the Arizona senator is honest and sincere.

Unfortunately, the senator does not ascribe equally honest motivation to his critics. He saw fit to read "intellectual dishonesty" into my article—though he carefully states that it is not necessary to "quibble about specific items" or the total I used.

Instead, Senator Goldwater discusses my alleged "implications." He states that I implied he wanted the "complete withdrawal" of the Federal government from the economy. The word "complete" is the senator's, not mine. In

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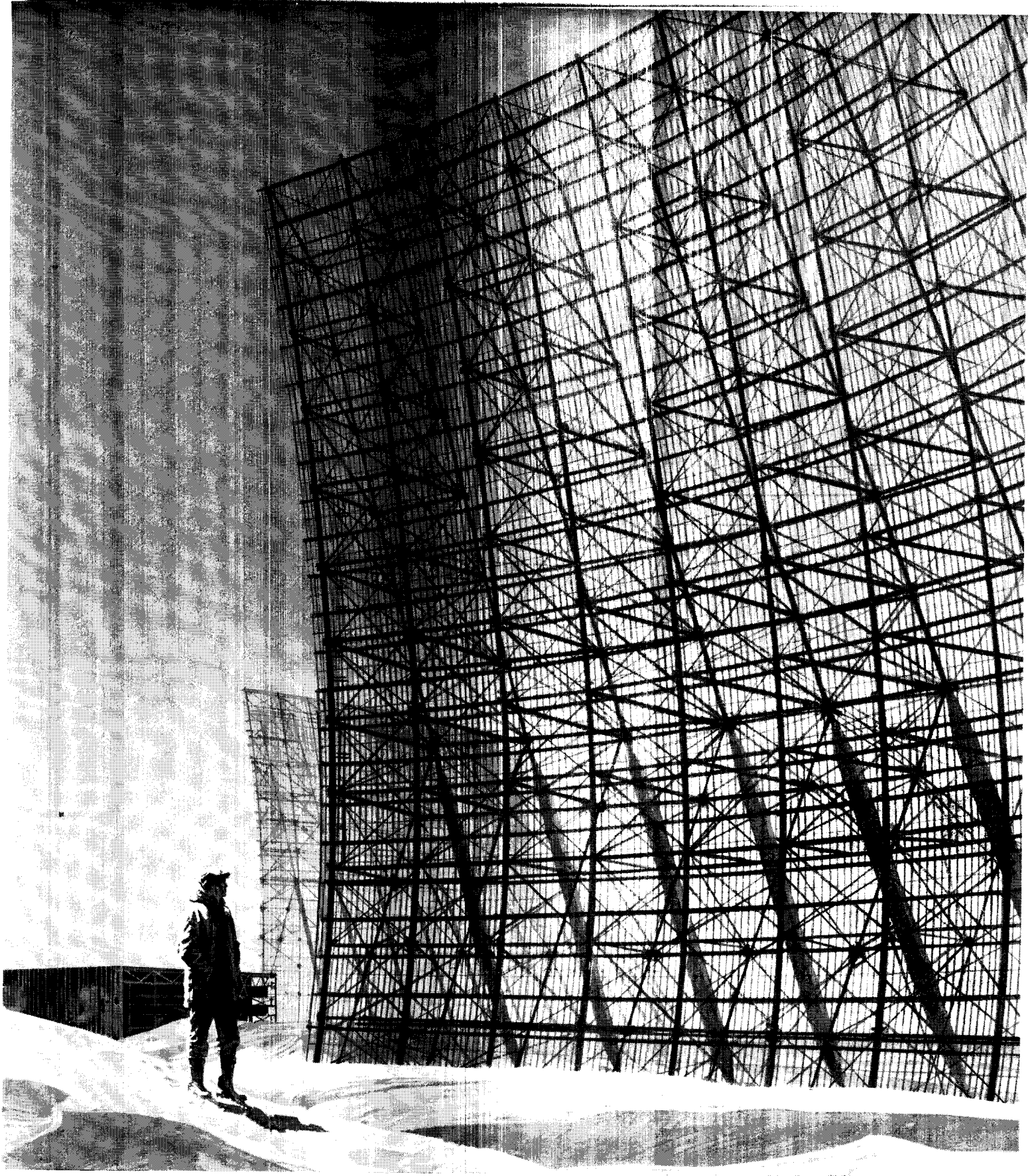

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if you love children

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fact, twice in the article I stated **flatly** that Senator Goldwater approved **of** *some* Federal expenditures—defense contracts and reclamation dams.

In another place, the senator claims that I made the "ridiculous implication" that he and the conservatives advocated the "abolishment of the Federal government." These, too, are the senator's words, not mine. Nowhere did I directly or indirectly imply such a conclusion.

The point, of course, is that while the senator stumps the country advocating that states and communities should not accept tainted Federal dollars, a sudden reduction of Federal expenditures in Arizona would wreck the economy of his home state.

Senator Goldwater once made his position clear when he was asked, "Have you advised the people of your State of Arizona not to accept Federal funds?"

His answer was "No."

To the Editor: I have read Mr. McNeil's article with much interest and appreciation for the accuracy of the figures you present. The only inaccurate thing about your article is its title, "A Billion for Barry."

Bear in mind that seventy-six per cent of the area of Arizona is owned by the Federal government. The appropriations that you cite for expenditures in Arizona by the Federal government represent a wide variety of Federal government activities with which Senator Goldwater had little if any connection. Senator Carl Hayden has been the wheelhorse who has done the work.

I can remember back in 1936 when the Federal government's expenditures in the state amounted to $400 million, at the rate of $10,000 a voter. F.D.R. ran away with the election.

WILLIAM R. MATTHEWS
Arizona *Daily Star*
Tucson

COLOR IN BRITAIN

To the Editor: Reading Frank R. Chesley's "Britain Draws the Color Line" (*The Reporter*, October 25), I was impressed by the evidence that economic pressure makes race prejudice worse by sharpening the competition for available jobs and housing. Secondly, I think the evidence that the British courts have in no way bowed to race prejudice is clear. The latter is important in comparing our racial tensions to that of Britain. Negroes here have had to contend with a good deal of denial of justice in the courts, at least when the victim was white. State governmental machinery was often mobilized against them when they sought to gain equal treatment, as in Little Rock, Norfolk, Oxford, or Montgomery and Birmingham. This discrimination against Negroes by local and state officials (Atlanta is a shining exception) is supported by public opinion far too often.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

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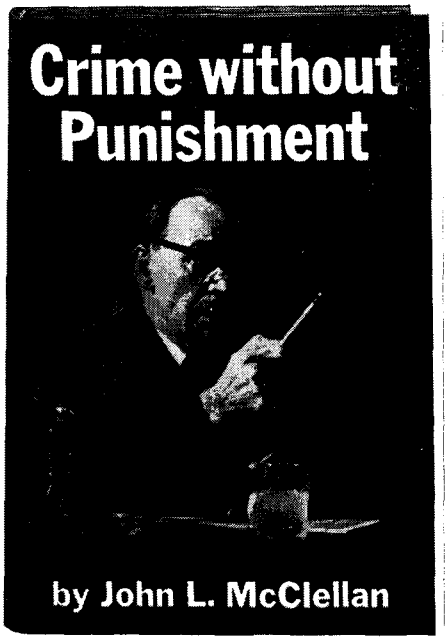

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Eleanor Roosevelt

We feel like adding our own words to what SEC has written about Mrs. Roosevelt, not to attempt a fuller tribute to that truly great woman but because everybody who knew her or of her has something personal to say in words, or silently in his heart. It is like bringing a flower to her grave.

Her achievements were unique. Born into a family that could be called of the purest American aristocracy, married to a man who was great, both because of the position he held and the native majesty of his character, she managed to make herself a person in her own right. She truly became a self-made woman.

The society in which she was raised considered it rather odd for well-born girls to go to college. Eleanor Roosevelt received her education in socially approved private schools and from private tutors. She learned languages, traveled extensively in Europe like those well-born, genteel girls we have learned to know from Henry James. Before her social debut and her marriage, she was something of an expatriate. How could she gain any knowledge of social injustice and human misery and maldistribution of wealth? Few of the James heroines ever did.

Then, because of the career and, above all, because of the sickness of her husband, when she was already a mother, she came to know how most of the people lived and suffered. Moral revulsion set her on her own. The more she knew, the more resolute became her intolerance of destitution and prejudice and meanness. Whatever she could do or others suggested she might do to reestablish a little bit of justice somewhere, somehow, she did it.

Of course, she was unprepared and naive. She helped her husband greatly just by going everywhere and being herself, and reporting to him. She also involved him in awkward situations, as when he had to clear the White House of uncouth Communist youth leaders. But for F.D.R. those minor troubles were more than balanced by what his wife was bringing to him. It was as if she had adopted the whole human race, and if it is true—as it must be—that good prevails over evil, most of what she had adopted was good.

After the President died, she went on with ever-increasing vigor, discovering causes of misery everywhere in the world, fighting for some relief and for the realization of some ultimate hope. She sponsored more and more causes, yet she never segregated herself in the realm of abstraction. For one thing, she had no feeling for abstraction. She cared for people—for people in the mass but even more for individuals. Everyone who could approach her

IN MEMORY

Her enemies were small: the shriveled ones
Who find in any largeness of the heart
Folly or danger. But the multitude
Gave back to her what she held out to them:
The steady glow of love, the succoring hand,
The enlightened eye of reason. So, now ends
The amazing cycle: humble, lonely girl
To great and humble woman; and the world,
Claiming and losing her,
Is lonelier.

—SEC

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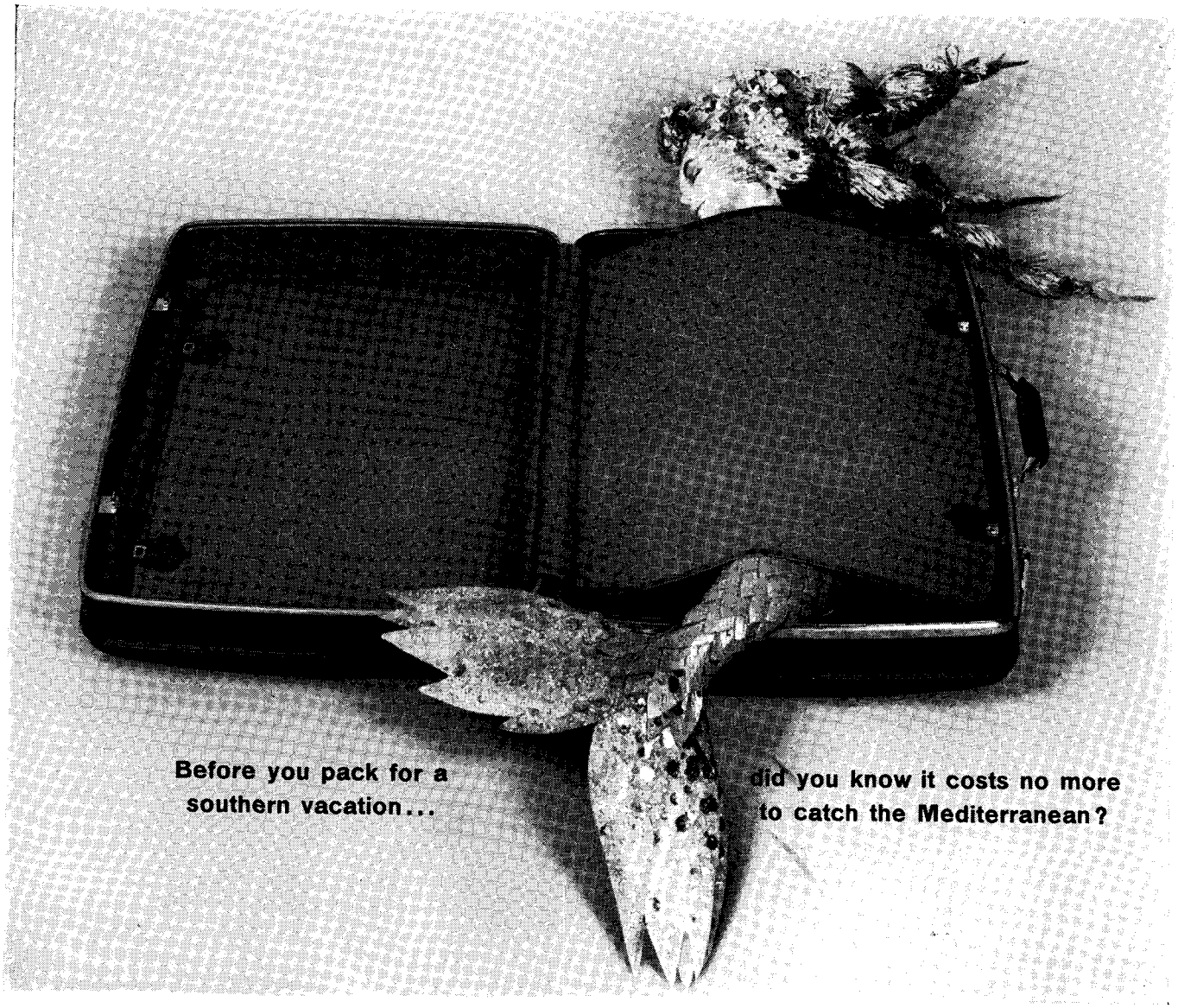

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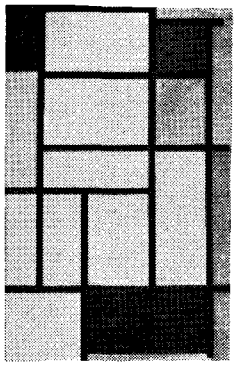

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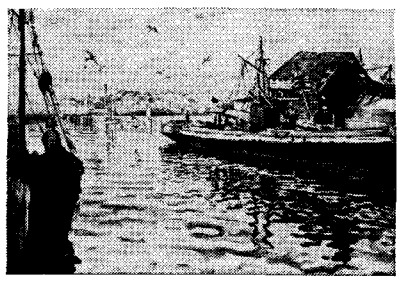

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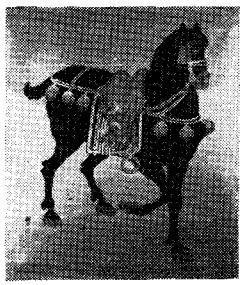

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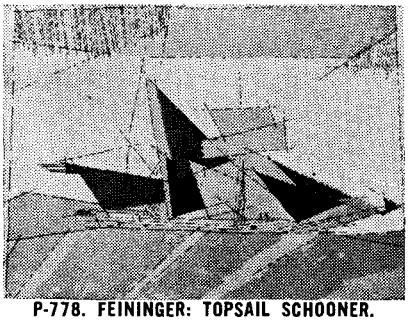

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became the object of her attention and of her care.

During the latter phase of her life the cause she adopted most wholeheartedly, though by no means exclusively, was that of the United Nations. Well past the age of seventy, she would undergo long trips, sometimes lasting for months, with the days spent in lecturing, press conferences, TV interviews, talks at private gatherings, all for the United Nations, her nights spent in a Pullman en route to another stop. She saw in the United Nations the institution destined to make prevail all over the world the immense, inexhaustible goodness that was in her. She saw in the United Nations far more than is there, or can possibly be.

Yet it doesn't matter much if in her goodness she overlooked or ignored the details of many realities, including the reality of the United Nations. The examples she set were more important, perhaps even more real than reality itself. She was utterly selfless, and what she gave to the world in her indiscriminate wholeheartedness will bear fruit for a long, long time.

SAINTS, for all we know, have never been regulation characters, and are not supposed to have been expert in sizing up reality. Saint Francis of Assisi talked to birds and the birds got his message.

It would be absurd, if not sacrilegious, to make comparisons, but we deeply feel that there was saintliness in this woman. She adopted every cause in which she saw any merit, every individual in which she saw any potential for betterment.

It is good to know that such a person lived in our times, and in our country.

—MAX ASCOLI

The New Neutralists

Television lights still glared in the west wing of the White House, and "The Star Spangled Banner" was not yet cold, when the first peace pickets arrived to protest the President's seven-o'clock speech announcing a Cuban quarantine. By 7:25, in fact, reporters noted with astonishment that signs were already in evidence on Pennsylvania Avenue proclaiming the need for negotiations and the

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advantages of peace. By mid-week, a variety of national organizations—Women Strike for Peace, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, the Committee for Non-Violent Action, The Student Peace Union—had elaborated these themes into a policy of sorts. The United States should end its quarantine, they argued, and the Soviet Union should end the arms build-up in Cuba. The public should send both Governments directives to this effect. Some spokesmen for peace went on to recommend that we give up our bases in Turkey and get out of Guantanamo. Others recommended that we give up all our bases and get out of everywhere. Had we ourselves not lied at the time of the U-2 incident, they asked? Did we not support Franco Spain? Did we not have bases in Turkey? Had we not done business with Batista? By what right, then, America's spokesmen for peace wanted to know, had we acted as we had?

It would be the worst kind of mistake to take this emphasis on American misdeeds as evidence of some kind of pro-Russianry on the part of the peace groups in this country. For during that uncertain week, nothing could have been clearer than that the followers and leaders of the peace movement in this country have become neutralists in the full modern meaning of that word. Like most of their nonaligned counterparts around the world, they appear to have adopted neutralism as an end in itself, as a way of avoiding judgment rather than of reaching it without bias. "Cease to support the Cold War," one pamphlet urged, as if the cold war were a store that could be boycotted or a subscription that could be dropped. In neutralism's finest tradition, a number of peace groups immediately called "an emergency rally" against both the blockade and the Cuban arms build-up. And, like the rest of the world's neutralists who find themselves in the ambiguous position of self-appointed judges determined not to hand down a decision, they managed to let the crucial week go by while they were making up their minds and asking just a few more questions. "Mr. President"; a SANE advertisement read, "Help us to get behind you. We would like to be able to support you with conviction." All that was required, the committee added, was proof that we were "absolutely in the right."

To us there was something disingenuous in that wide-eyed prose and even in the form of the ad itself. For SANE was not asking the President for "help" in backing the American position so much as it was declaring its justification for not doing so. The peace movement in this country is simply not disposed to accept a difference of intent between East and West.

The Eighty-eighth

In Congressional politics it has become next to impossible to tell the players without a score card. The increasing tendency, therefore, is to speak of congressmen not as Democrats or Republicans but as "people" who vote "right" or "wrong." When Republican Charles Raper Jonas triumphs over Democrat A. Paul Kitchin in North Carolina, does it constitute a defeat for the administration? Kitchin voted "wrong" on the Rules Committee fight, "wrong" on foreign aid, "wrong" on area redevelopment. A Kitchin-Jonas trade, in short, is not entirely unacceptable to the administration. All this is not to say that Democrats are not preferred; they are. It's just that some are more preferred than others.

The administration sometimes gains votes even when one Democrat is replaced by another. Atlanta attorney Charles Weltner, thirty-four, will be a notable improvement over Representative James C. Davis, whom he defeated in a runoff. J. R. Tuten, likewise, will support the administration more than his predecessor, Iris Blitch. Gillis Long of the Louisiana Longs, whatever his views, can hardly be more conservative than the man he replaces, Harold B. McSween.

For the first time since the Eisenhower landslide in 1952, Republicans made strong gains in Dixie. In Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia, and Tennessee, Republicans defeated pro-administration Democrats. The numerical Democratic loss, though, was dealt not through defeat but through reapportionment and retirement. Among veteran members, Frank Boykin, a fourteen-term Alabama congressman, lost a runoff caused by reapportionment. Virginia's Burr Harrison, a nine-termer, retired. Neither man will be missed by the Kennedy administration. The only committee chairman to lose his seat (through reapportionment) was Brent Spence, the Kentuckian who headed the House Banking and Currency Committee. The Southern hierarchy retains the most effective means of controlling Congress.

It may well be that the chief Democratic loss was Walter H. Judd, the Minnesota Republican. Judd was in many ways the most powerful voice on that lamentably weak committee, the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. He will be missed by Democrats who value bipartisanship. No Republican now in the House speaks with Judd's authority and influence on foreign affairs. No less a figure than Dean Rusk paid enthusiastic tribute to Judd's effectiveness in backing foreign-aid legislation.

"It gives us more elbow room," one administration strategist said of the returns. Much will be needed when Congress convenes in January. The key fight of the Eighty-eighth Congress, as it was in the Eighty-seventh Congress, is likely to be the struggle over the enlargement of the House Rules Committee, that quaint government-within-a-government guided by the wily Virginian, Representative Howard W. Smith. The battle, won by five votes in 1961, will be joined again this year if Smith, as seems inevitable, tries to eliminate the three new members —two Democrats and a Republican —thrust on him last session. If Smith succeeds, administration prospects in the Eighty-eighth will be dim indeed.

The White House legislative cadre believes that it is stronger in the House now than it was in the Eighty-seventh Congress. The Democratic majority, they insist, is firmer. But what about the twenty-two Republicans who supported the President in the Rules fight last year? Eighteen of them are returning to Congress. How will they read the mandate of 1962? And, more to the point, how will they read 1964? With one eye on the Presidency, they may figure that 1961's wisdom is 1963's folly.

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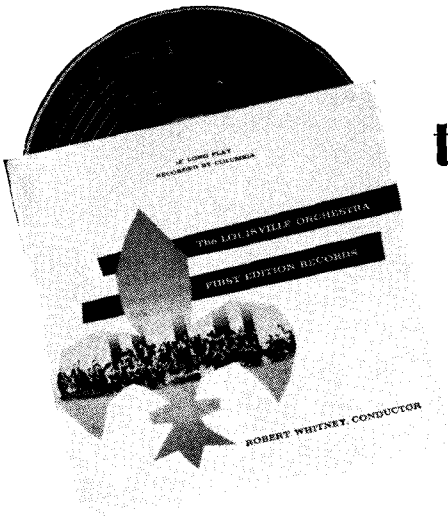

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The Elections

To reverse the French saying, the more it remains the same, the more it changes. The *it* refers to the Congressional elections, to our party system, and maybe to the country as a whole. For a few days, the large majority of the people talk a great deal about *it*, and then the final day comes when the ballots are cast and there is nothing to do but wait for the returns. The sameness of the pattern beclouds the awareness of the changes that have occurred in the popular will.

The relevance of the returns has been further obscured: by pollsters who see in them a routine validation of their science, by TV oracles who as soon as the first figures come in have to pour out their instant wisdom, and finally by the computing machines busily anticipating the complete returns.

Behind all the old and new trappings, events of major and sometimes historical importance take place. In these last elections, the President's reckless gamble paid off. His precarious victory of two years ago has now been validated by a most unprecedented personal and party success. Having dared to fight as leader of his party, he can legitimately claim his party's victory as his victory. He is now in front, while in 1960 he was elected to the Presidency in the wake of the Democratic Congressional majority.

He showed the utmost determination in fighting with all he had during the campaign, just as he showed the utmost determination when he dared the Communists on Cuba. He has been the winner in both instances, and if he assumes—as he must—that his firmness toward the external enemy has increased the people's confidence in him, he is bound to realize that vacillation in the conduct of foreign affairs can lose him the prestige he has gained, both at home and abroad. Will he run such a risk? If we rely only on his politician's talent, we must assume he has learned by now that firmness pays off best.

The opposition party too has been strengthened by the elections. The way the game of politics is played in our country, each of the two parties pretends to be the nation, to speak for the nation, until the contrary is proved on election day. Yet even then the minority party does not lose its claim to be the potential majority of the nation, for there are always some changes, some gains here and there that give legitimacy to this claim.

In these elections, the Republican Party, by winning the governorships in some key states, is offering several potential candidates for the Presidency. An intraparty contest for the Presidential nomination is likely to be an asset, not a liability, for the party out of power.

With all its paraphernalia and rituals, the game of politics as it is played in our country is an exceedingly real, cruel thing—and the more so the higher the stakes. Sometimes, it is as real as murder, or suicide, with the final act played on the national scene and millions of people in the audience.

We think, of course, of Richard Nixon. The fact that we never had any confidence in him, that we intensely disliked him, does not make us insensitive to the tragic character of his disappearance from the national scene. Neither do we gloat over it. Just about half of our fellow citizens believed in him and wanted him to be President, just as another half, ourself included, mistrusted him passionately.

Have there been men in our public life whose destiny has been more cruel? His career seems to have been blessed and cursed by luck—a freakish luck, from his first nomination to Congress through the long years when, after President Eisenhower fell ill, the Presidency could have come to him at any moment, on to the time when he failed by a few thousand votes to win the Presidency in his own right. He worked furiously to live up to his luck, without ever convincing half of his fellow citizens that he deserved it. Or perhaps he never convinced himself, for he never stopped trying, but somehow, he always overdid it and struck the most jarring notes.

Why? Why did this man, born in the best log-cabin tradition, seem to act like someone who is on leave from the log cabin, on leave from the poverty of his youth, but never quite at ease with the power that was his—or nearly his? Perhaps Nixon is that very rare thing among Americans: an incurably class-conscious man. Perhaps this is why he had so many misgivings about people, and aroused so many misgivings. Perhaps this is why he felt surrounded by conspiracies and ill will, or at least unfairness, from every side, from Eisenhower to the press. His seems to be the stuff of which morbid radicals are made, for it is characteristic of that kind of radical to conspire against conspiracies they feel around them, just as it is characteristic of a man whose birth in poverty hardens into class consciousness to feel incurably a guest member of the society in which he happens to find himself.

Be that as it may, we cannot help being moved by the way his career has ended. Once again, he gave us a feeling of dismay when his hatred of the press burst out incoherently at his last press conference. The man is such a bundle of hate. For him, and for all of us, we hope that conference will truly be the last.

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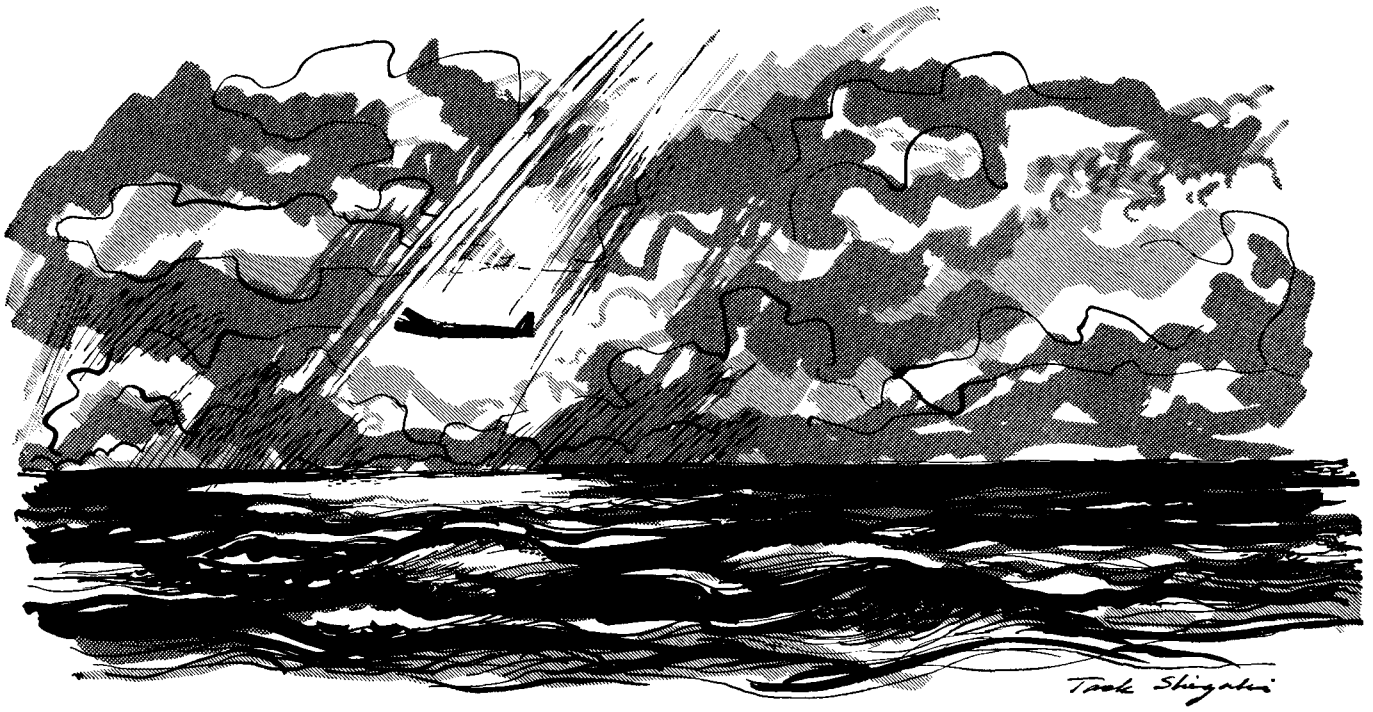

Reflections on Cuba

HENRY A. KISSINGER

On October 22, President Kennedy boldly seized an opportunity given few statesmen: to change the course of events by one dramatic move. His action achieved far more than the immediate goal of dismantling Soviet missile bases in Cuba. It exploded the myth that in every situation the Soviets were prepared to run greater risks than we. This myth had been the basis of Soviet atomic blackmail and had transformed too many conferences into opportunities for the Soviets to set the terms of negotiations. The President's stroke demonstrated that a great power leads not so much by its words as by its actions, that initiative creates its own consensus.

It is clear that we took skillful advantage of a serious Soviet miscalculation. But even this success does not free us from the need to understand how we arrived at the point where such a dramatic and risky action was necessary. What tempted the Soviets into so rash, so foolhardy an adventure as establishing missile bases on an island only ninety miles from our shores?

Part of the answer probably lies in a fault common to many dictatorships: the Soviets began to take their own propaganda too seriously. The Soviet leaders had spoken so insistently and so confidently of their capacity to protect "national liberation movements" that they overlooked the difference between supporting guerrilla warfare in Southeast Asia and establishing a missile base in the Western Hemisphere. In the one case, the Communists could engage us in highly ambiguous situations and with a mode of warfare that is very difficult for us to deal with quickly. In Cuba, the only purpose the Soviet action could possibly serve was to threaten United States territory directly, an issue that lent itself to decisive resolution.

Another reason for the Soviets' behavior may have been a crude interpretation of the possibilities of nuclear deterrence. The Soviet leaders may really have believed that a limited number of nuclear missiles in Cuba would make the risks of an American attack on Cuba seem out of proportion to the gains to be achieved. This argument, however, does not explain why the threat of nuclear retaliation had to be mounted from Cuba. As long as the bases remained under exclusive Soviet control, they were after all only an extension of Soviet nuclear power and not relevant to a local defense of Cuba. If the Soviets felt that missiles based on Cuban territory were necessary to redress the over-all strategic balance, then the Soviet arsenal of intercontinental rockets must be much smaller than had generally been believed. If, on the other hand, the Soviets consider their arsenal of intercontinental rockets adequate, then nuclear bases in Cuba were irrelevant to the security problem in Cuba. Given the vulnerability of these bases, it is difficult to understand to what military problem they *were* addressed.

The chief benefit the Soviets would have obtained from these bases was political, not military. Missiles in Cuba would have been an over-

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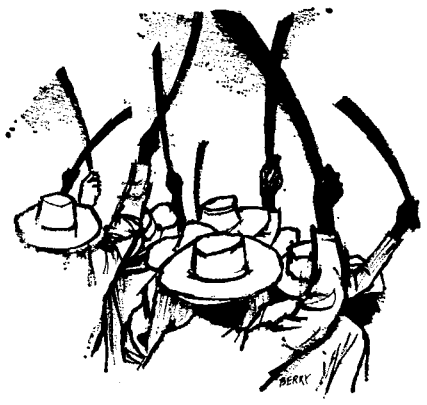
whelming proof of the inexorable advance of Soviet power and of U.S. impotence. Such a success would have emboldened all the extremist elements in Latin America and would have disheartened our allies. A U.S. government incapable of preventing the establishment of Soviet missile bases in Cuba would certainly have been thought incapable of defending interests farther from its shores. Had the Soviets succeeded in their gamble in Cuba, another critical showdown on Berlin would not have been long delayed. Perhaps Khrushchev counted on a dramatic unveiling of the projection of Soviet nuclear power into the Western Hemisphere to force us into a diplomatic settlement on his terms in Berlin, disarmament, and other issues.

WITH THE STAKES so high, what made the Soviets believe they could get away with it? Over the past decade Khrushchev may well have become convinced that the United States would never run risks to protect its interests, either because it did not understand its interests or because it did not have the appropriate doctrine for using its power. In Suez we collaborated with the Soviets to humiliate our closest allies. Our intervention in Lebanon did not prevent the displacement of the only Middle Eastern government that had accepted the Eisenhower Doctrine. A year and a half ago in Cuba, we gambled on indirect intervention and accepted failure when it miscarried. In Laos we pretended a readiness to intervene, only to settle for a solution that is at best ambiguous. Our reaction to the building of the Berlin Wall may have indicated a propensity to accept just about any *fait accompli*. All this may have led the Soviet leaders to the conviction that given a face-saving formula, the United States would choose retreat rather than a head-on confrontation.

This judgment may have been confirmed by our first reactions to the Soviet arms build-up in Cuba. Though President Kennedy made it clear in his press conference of September 13 that we would take a grave view of the introduction of offensive weapons, this distinction was in itself nebulous and the statement was in the context of an explanation of why we would not intervene at that time. From then until October 22, administration spokesmen emphasized the risks of both blockade and invasion. They pointed out that we possessed perfect intelligence about Cuban affairs and had detected no offensive build-up. Senator Keating's allegation on October 10



that offensive missiles were being installed in Cuba was denied. It must be assumed that preparations for the installation of those missiles had been going forward for some weeks, even if the actual missiles were not put in place until the middle of October. The Soviet leaders may well have decided that the administration knew of these preparations and had decided to acquiesce by denying their existence.

Where They Went Wrong

Nevertheless, even making allowance for all past U.S. vacillations, it is difficult to explain Soviet actions except as a colossal blunder. The Russians clearly misjudged the character of the President and the mood of the country. They failed to understand that it is highly unlikely for any man to be nominated or elected President who does not have a strong will to prevail—a consideration particularly crucial in the case of a President who has had to overcome handicaps of youth and religion to achieve his position. Moreover, even if they thought that the President meant to ignore the existence of the missile sites, they should have realized that this would have provided only a brief respite. No President could have avoided taking action in the face of such a challenge, and the public would not have tolerated acquiescence. If Soviet diplomats and intelligence personnel failed to warn of the possibility of a U.S. riposte, the Soviet system has fallen prey to a common disease of dictatorships: that the top leaders are told only what they wish to hear.

The original misjudgment was compounded by many others. As we have seen, the bases were of only marginal military use in a defensive war. In an offensive war their effectiveness was reduced by the enormous difficulty—if not impossibility—of co-ordinating a first strike from the Soviet Union and Cuba. If the Soviets thought that they required bases closer to the United States, it is not clear why they did not choose safer launching platforms than Cuba—ships and submarines, for example. Militarily, the action was confused; its gains hardly justified the risks.

Politically, the Soviet miscalculation was equally great. The purpose of the missile bases in Cuba may well have been to force us into accepting Soviet terms over such issues as Berlin. However, an attempt to connect any issue outside the Western Hemisphere with Cuba was bound to make us increasingly intractable. We could not have left the impression that we were trading the vital interests of our allies for our own without undermining any claim to leadership in the West.

If the Soviets counted on allied disunity to provide an interval of hesitation to consolidate their bases, this was foiled by the President's decisiveness. After the President's speech, the only way other nations could gain an influence over our actions was by supporting us. The Soviets even misunderstood the temper of the uncommitted. Most of them are glad enough to play off both sides against each other, but their attitude is bound to be very different if the protection of "national liberation movements" takes the form of nuclear missile bases that would project them into the very center of the East-West conflict.

PERHAPS the most fundamental mistake was in assessing the reason for their earlier successes. They had expanded in Eurasia, above all, because they were able to choose the battlefield and the issue. They had generally confronted the United

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States with ambiguous challenges whose threat to U.S. security seemed vague and remote. The area of conflict was usually close to the center of Communist strength. Thus the Communists were capable of increasing their commitment—"escalating," as the technical term has it—by small increments while the United States could escape its difficulties only by threatening nuclear war.

In Cuba, however, the Soviets chose to challenge us in the most direct and brutal fashion. Here the threat was not remote or the issue confused. The secrecy and the rapidity of the build-up underlined the menace. But ruthlessness and deception do not necessarily bring their own reward. The challenge took place in an area close to our strength, on an island easily accessible to our overwhelmingly superior sea power. This time we were able to escalate gradually while the Soviets could respond, if at all, only with the threat of nuclear war. Thus the Soviets threw away their traditional advantages in a gamble that left them no recourse if it failed.

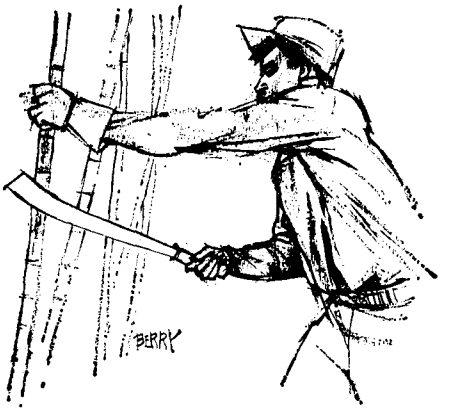
The result was a demonstration that the over-all strategic balance was far from being as favorable to the Communists as their propaganda had painted it. In fact, the course of events proved that the statements of Defense Secretary McNamara and Deputy Secretary Gilpatric have made about our nuclear superiority are essentially correct. The crisis could not have ended so quickly and decisively but for the fact that the United States can win a general war if it strikes first and can inflict intolerable damage on the Soviet Union even if it is the victim of a surprise attack.

Whatever one's reservations about the counterforce strategy enunciated by Secretary McNamara for the long term, it proved its efficacy in the Cuban crisis. The Soviet leaders did not dare invoke the threat of nuclear war against our blockade. If we believed the threat, even a nation like ours might feel compelled to strike pre-emptively. And if the Soviets struck first, they would only bring about the destruction of their homeland—without being able to affect the outcome in Cuba. Moreover, the Soviets refrained from starting crises in places where they enjoyed local superiority, such as Berlin or Turkey. They obviously calculated that two crises occurring simultaneously, particularly if one of them involved bases in Cuba, carried with them an exorbitant risk of nuclear war. In short, for this crisis at least, the credibility of our deterrent was greater than theirs.

As a result, contrary to their usual practice, the Soviet leaders did not assume a posture of belligerency. Messages of conciliation chased each other. The demand for dismantling our Turkish bases was barely turned down before Khrushchev sounded the retreat in Cuba. He had drawn the correct conclusion that the best thing he could do was cut his losses. He could not credibly invoke the threat of general war over Cuba. And he could not menace other areas closer to the source of Soviet power because these were protected by our strategic superiority.

Back to the Treadmill?

Where do we go from here? We have a unique opportunity. The hesitations of the past years can be turned into an asset for us in the eyes of those who have come to realize that we exhausted all means of conciliation before taking decisive steps. The doubts expressed, particularly in Europe, about our capacity for leadership have been significantly reduced. We have the best opportunity in a decade to establish unity among our allies, particularly in the Atlantic area and the Western Hemisphere. And in the uncommitted nations, some second thoughts are likely to develop about the reliability of Soviet guarantees or about the purposes for which they are given. The overweening self-confidence of the Soviets, which has turned almost all diplomatic contacts into probing operations for another advance, must have suffered a severe blow. We should now be able to confront the Soviets with both confidence and moderation. Henceforth, moderation will appear an act of policy, for it is a virtue only in those who are thought to have a choice.



But in order to draw the proper lessons from the Cuban crisis, we owe it to ourselves not to confuse ourselves with irrelevancies. Already one reads about the need to save Khrushchev from the hard-line Stalinists. According to one version, Khrushchev has faced down the militant generals in a dramatic confrontation. Surely the time has come to declare a moratorium on such trivial speculations. It should be plain that our ability to play domestic politics in the Kremlin is extremely limited. Nor is there any evidence of a "peaceful" Khrushchev facing down hard-line Stalinists. If Khrushchev planned the Cuban adventure, it is difficult to see how much more reckless hard-line Stalinists could have been. If the Cuban policy was imposed on Khrushchev, he does not need any further assistance to prove that such tactics are bound to be disastrous.

Indeed, the administration might well take this opportunity to compare the expectations of the past two years with the actual course of events. It may be useful to consider what influence the confusion of a conciliatory tone with a conciliatory policy by so many self-appointed emissaries to the Kremlin—and by some official ones as well—had on Khrushchev's expectation that his gamble in the Caribbean would succeed.

These considerations bear also on the question of whether the lesson of Cuba is that the "tough" line has prevailed over the "soft" one in our own national councils. For too long, adjectives such as these have served as substitutes for thought. Rather than debate abstract words like "tough" and "soft," we now have an opportunity to clarify the substance of the programs to which any such words must refer. Those who press for immediate resumption of nego-

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tiations do not generate a program; the reverse is true. In the absence of a clear purpose, negotiating tactics predominate over substance. This leads to the exaltation of "negotiability," which is often merely a way of trying to discover the minimum terms the Soviets will settle for. It produces the constant demand for "new ideas" which, while unexceptionable in itself, may only serve to prevent the Soviets from accepting *any* American proposal, since a better one may be coming along any minute.

No purpose would be served if we returned to the weary treadmill of proposals that have been repeated so often that their tired phrases seem to have become ends in themselves. We now have the opportunity to define what we stand for rather than go through a shopping list of Soviet demands in an effort to determine which of them may be tolerable. In particular, the best time to articulate our notion of a settlement in Central Europe is *before* another Berlin crisis is upon us and while the impetus of our action in Cuba still invigorates the alliance.

The desirability of lessening international tension requires no debates. But the prerequisite is that the Soviet leaders come to see the perils for mankind as well as for themselves of turning all diplomacy into harassment, pressure, and political warfare. We, in turn, have an obligation to make it clear that we do not propose to threaten legitimate Russian national interests. Responsible Russians should be given every chance to understand that the obstacle to coexistence is the Communist quest for world domination. On such a basis negotiations are highly desirable.

Prudence and Intuition

For too long the Western Alliance has been beset by doubts, recriminations, and uncertainty. In strategy and diplomacy it has failed to establish its priorities. The President's handling of the Cuban crisis has given us another chance to vindicate the leadership of the West. And here is where our greatest opportunity lies. The "great design" for Atlantic partnership still remains to be realized, but for the first time in years the moral basis for it exists. The Alliance for Progress can also be pursued with greater mutual conviction. Even the uncommitted nations should have been shaken out of their complacency and shallowness by the concurrent shocks of Cuba and the Chinese invasion of India. There is now therefore a possibility for us to free our relations with the new nations from the inhibitions of a dialogue between opportunism and sentimentality.

Whether we can seize this opportunity depends on an intangible issue: the attitudes of our government toward the most difficult problem of policymaking, that of conjecture. The dilemma of any statesman is that he can never be certain about the probable course of events. In reaching a decision, he must inevitably act on the basis of an intuition that is inherently unprovable. If he insists on certainty, he runs the danger of becoming a prisoner of events. His resolution must reside not in "facts" as commonly conceived but in his vision of the future.

The Cuban crisis raises some questions in this respect. The administration has demonstrated skill, daring, and decisiveness in dealing with a problem once it was recognized. A number of doubts remain about the time required to assess the nature of the Soviet build-up. This is not exclusively a problem of our intelligence setup. It is above all a question of the criteria of certainty by which a government operates. We shall not be able to wait everywhere for "hard" intelligence about Soviet intentions. Most situations will prove more ambiguous, most opportunities will appear less clear. The challenge, then, is to couple the prudence, calculation, and skill of a government of experts with an act of imagination that encompasses the opportunities before us.

Where Do We Go from Victory?

MAX FRANKEL

PITY the Washington Policy Maker. He is burdened, after Cuba, with new prowess, respect, and momentum and therefore with guilt. Unexpected challenge has suddenly turned into unwanted opportunity. But Policy Maker wants to be a gracious winner, to be loved, not feared. Initiative seems almost as unwelcome as it is unaccustomed. He goes to his analyst, the Kremlinologist.

For the Kremlinologist, as for any analyst, business is good when times are bad. He is trained to see danger, not opportunity. And he treats the ailment, not the patient. He is today less concerned with what else Washington might do to the Kremlin than with what the Kremlin might now do to Washington. And with what Washington might do for the Kremlin.

Policy Maker, thy guilt is just, he says. For to the Kremlinologist, Communism is schizophrenic. Some Communists are better than other Communists, and the trouble with the Cuban affair was that Washington was forced to triumph over the better ones. So there is danger

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ahead, he warns: either the better Communists will try to prove at our expense that they are as bad as the bad Communists, or the bad Communists will throw the better Communists out and go on to prove how much better (that is, worse) *they* can be.

The Kremlinologist does not deny that Khrushchev was pretty bad, or mad, to send missiles to Fidel's place. But that, he adds, was the Hyde in him. We ought to be grateful to the Khrushchev who had the prudence to get them out fast when caught, he counsels, and to be careful now not to injure the Jekyll in him.

And so the city that a few weeks ago shouted, "Help! Khrushchev!" now wonders, "Help Khrushchev?"

TO UNDERSTAND this state of mind it is necessary to master the essentials of modern Kremlinology. The entire science rests upon the theory of hard- and soft-line Communism, sometimes even called conservative and liberal.

Hard, apparently, is shorthand for harsh; hard Communism is normally defined as that variety which depends on brute force for domestic tranquillity and classic forms of naked aggression for external satisfaction. Soft, on the other hand, seems to be shorthand for subtle; soft Communism is normally defined as that variety which depends upon economic sanctions and psychological terror for domestic order and on unorthodox schemes of subversion, mercantilism, and blackmail for external advance.

Since Communists in general are generally recognized as politicians who seek to enfeeble other nations in the name of curing them, the difference between the hard and soft varieties would seem to be the difference between bludgeon and barbiturate. But a great number of the experts believe the distinction is very important and see it as one of their main functions to help us decide which we prefer.

The Kremlinologist opts for soft, and he believes that Khrushchev, except in his mad moments, is one of the finest softies we are ever likely to get. (Some advanced experts hardly believe Khrushchev to be a Communist at all; they say he is temporarily stuck on the wrong side but would really prefer alliance with us against hard people like the Chinese.)

In any case, it is pointed out, Khrushchev clearly does not want to die and neither do we, and thus

we have something very important in common. If he nonetheless seems unruly, deceitful, and uncooperative, it is because he is not always master of his fort and because belligerence is a normal attribute of national adolescence. In the short run, it is said, he needs understanding. In the long run, if we are not all dead, his kind will become mature.

Codified, this becomes the theory of parallel but staggered development, by which all nations of similar industrial and demographic potential pass through identical patterns of behavior, like fathers and sons. And by this theory, it behooves the fathers to be firm yet lovingly forgiving until the sons have spent their aggressions and mellowed into ripe old impotence. A major dialectical peculiarity of the theory is that though Russia grows older, its coming men of power will be younger and more fearsome, and therefore we should not only value Khrushchev but help preserve him.

Some experts have demurred at times, but they have been quickly run out of their sophisticated profession. They have suggested that Khrushchev's soft-line reasonableness at home was really due to his discovery that Stalin's stick had just about broken the country and that an occasional carrot was the only way to get results. And they have observed that Khrushchev's celebrated flexibility abroad has been practiced only to the extent that resistance forced him to practice it. Disrespectfully, these experts point out that it was Stalin, in 1952, who revived the concept of coexistence and that it was Khrushchev, in 1956, who butchered Hungary.

Just how useful the distinction is, even if it did exist, might be apparent from our own more familiar history. For were not Eisenhower and Dulles the American equivalent of the hard-liners? And yet their burning intolerance of Communism invariably provoked them to inaction in places like Hungary and Vietnam, and it was left to the soft-line Kennedys to go to war in Vietnam and to the brink in Cuba.

Khrushchev himself was on the verge of making such a mistake once. He came close to endorsing Kennedy for President in the summer of 1960, presumably because he believed Republican propaganda that the Democrats would be soft on Communism. But the shrewd Khrushchev caught himself in midthought. If they want to elect Nixon and the Republicans, let them, he said, because the Soviet Union had not done badly under the Republicans for eight years.

There is no doubt that Khrushchev is being assailed at home for the Cuba fiasco. But who assails him? The hard-liners who are said to have sent him on this disastrous adventure? Or the soft-liners who presumably urged him to accept retreat and humiliation?

Even if it were wise to "help" him in his hour of distress—out of fear that any other Soviet leader would be worse—how could we? By playing down our victory in the Cuba showdown until he is persuaded that he had ventured and lost nothing with his stealthy and reckless maneuver? Or by dismantling some western bases and devising other "compromises" that would allow him to argue that his Caribbean caper had been productive?

FOR SOME REASON, both Policy Maker and Kremlinologist here see mainly this choice. The distinction between soft and hard Communists

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has so rent the western vocabulary that Washington is almost immobilized by its success, by the gnawing guilt that it may have seriously injured the very forces that have always advocated doing us in gently and politely.

There are a few old-fashioned officials who are urging more pressure, against the satellites and other weak spots, to force a Berlin settlement on western terms, to exacerbate the quarrels within the Communist bloc, to apply economic pressures that would tighten the squeeze on the Soviet economy and injure its capacity for foreign aid-and-trade warfare and further discredit Khrushchev's boasts and promises.

It is Khrushchev who has always maintained that the status quo had to guarantee the security of his world while everything else was up for grabs. Yet Washington, at the moment of its greatest cold-war triumph, speaks of preserving that status quo. Plainly uncomfortable with the chance to influence a future they have never imagined, the pioneers of the New Frontier wonder instead whether they had not better help Old Nik.

Who was it that described Khrushchev's policy as "What's mine is mine; what's yours is negotiable"? Not Khrushchev. The President.

And who, in the inaugural month of January, 1961, defined peaceful coexistence as "a form of intense economic, political and ideological struggle of the proletariat against the aggressive forces of imperialism in the international arena. . . . [It] helps to develop the forces of progress, the forces struggling for socialism, and facilitates in capitalist countries the activities of the Communist parties and other progressive organizations of the working class. It facilitates the struggle the peoples wage against aggressive military blocs, against foreign military bases. It helps the national liberation movement to gain successes"? Not the President. Khrushchev.

WASHINGTON would seem to have no right to complain of deceit, and yet in retrospect it is less amazed by what Khrushchev tried in Cuba than by the fact that he lied about it. This is especially peculiar, because the Kennedy administration, insecure though it may be in trading in futures, is known for its strong and nearly professional sense of history. Yet over only six years of history the chief problem has been whether Khrushchev lies more when he threatens war or when he threatens peace.

In announcing on September 11 this year that it was sending food, machines, clothes, and just a few little weapons to Cuba, Moscow itself cautioned us against interference by recalling its bold and peaceful threats during the 1956 Suez affair. Did not the threats of rockets raining upon London and Paris frighten the aggressors into retreat from Egypt? The threats of World War III, did they not keep the liberators of captive Europe out of Hungary? Did not bluster in 1958 force the Americans out of Lebanon? And force the unleashers of Chiang to keep him securely tied to Taiwan? Did not the "figurative" and "symbolic" warnings of rocket support for Fidel force the Americans to pull back their snouts at the Bay of Pigs?

More than a hundred times in the past few years, Khrushchev has lied about his readiness to begin a nuclear war and celebrated the apparent success of these lies. Nasser, Nehru, Sukarno, and any would-be Latin Castro were to draw their own lesson: was there greater safety in American arms or in a Soviet embrace?

SIMULTANEOUSLY, Khrushchev has been exposed as a liar in what he told us he was doing in Cuba, in what he promised Cuba he would do to us with his missiles in Cuba, and in what he promised India he could do to prevent a Chinese attack. Nehru does not seem interested any longer in toying with his nation's security to help his erstwhile moderate friend in the Kremlin. Why then should we?

Almost neurotically, in the wake of a victory, Washington wonders where the next blow will come from; whether and how Moscow will try to recoup, by deception, humiliation, or negotiation. Anxiously the capital turns to the Kremlinologists and asks, is he up or is he down, will he be hard or will he be soft? Laos, Caracas, or the Berlin Wall—which is fairest of them all? Will he strike, subvert, or hesitate? No one asks, how do *we* retaliate?

The answer, also, is left to the analysts. And there is hardly a voice among them that says, the market is bullish, boys, buy.

One Time the Soviets Wish They Could Be Uncommitted Too

MARVIN KALB

Moscow

ON NOVEMBER 5, when Trikoli Nath Kaul, India's new ambassador to the Soviet Union, presented his credentials to Leonid I. Brezhnev, president of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., he expressed his government's "gratitude" for Russia's "eager assistance" in developing India's economy, and Brezhnev expressed his government's "confidence" that India and the Soviet Union would "continue to co-operate successfully for the sake of peace on earth and for happiness and progress for the peoples of all countries."

Bowing more to the new delicacy in their state relations than to the usual requirements of diplomatic protocol, neither man touched on what was uppermost in his mind: the fighting along the Sino-Indian border, which has slowly but surely drawn the Russians to a crossroads in their relations with both the Chinese and the Indians. The Russians are now aware that full support of China would preserve the remnants of Communist world unity but only at the risk of irrevocably damaging "good friendly relations" with India, one of the main pillars of

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Premier Khrushchev's policy of peaceful coexistence. They also realize that clear-cut support of India would split the world Communist movement and introduce a period of ideological chaos.

Because the stakes are so high, the Russians have cautiously restricted their public comments about the Chinese-Indian conflict to editorials in *Izvestia*, the government newspaper, and *Pravda*, the party newspaper. There have been none of the usual commentaries over Moscow Radio, no glib analyses by key Russian journalists, no deliberate leaks at diplomatic parties. Only once, at a recent Turkish embassy reception, did a Red Army general discuss the border clashes—and then only in such vague terms that his comments produced more confusion than enlightenment.

Putting Off the Day

The first mention in any organ of Soviet propaganda of the Chinese-Indian conflict appeared on October 24, when *Izvestia* reprinted without comment the full text of the Chinese government's statement calling for summit negotiations with India on the border dispute following a cease-fire. The following morning *Pravda* carried a long editorial in which the Chinese proposal was "welcomed with satisfaction." The editorial also chastised several "progressively inclined individuals"—meaning members of the Indian Communist Party—for having "succumbed to nationalist . . . and chauvinist influences." *Pravda* also published the full text of the Chinese proposal.

The day Ambassador Kaul presented his credentials to President Brezhnev, *Pravda* published another carefully worded editorial on the Chinese-Indian fighting. This time there was a significant change: the Russians called for a cease-fire and "round-table negotiations without conditions," but they specifically avoided any mention of the Chinese proposal for summit negotiations. This omission, which was deliberate, was interpreted as a Russian concession to the Indians, who between *Pravda* editorials had begun to receive American military equipment. The Kremlin was desperately trying to persuade India not to "join any aggressive military blocs" and not to "abandon its policy of nonalignment." In making these last-gasp efforts instead of strengthening, or at least repeating, their support of Peking's "peace proposals," the Russians must have realized that they would antagonize the Chinese. But they probably also were trying to put off the moment, which will probably come sooner than later, when they will have to take an unequivocal position and accept the inevitably disagreeable consequences.

EVERY EFFORT was made during this period to convey the impression that all was still "normal" in Russian-Indian relations. On October 26, Khrushchev received K. D. Malaviya, India's visiting minister of mineral resources and fuel. On October 28, an Indian trade delegation arrived in Warsaw for talks about the delivery of an industrial plant. On October 29, a delegation of Indian economic experts concluded an agreement with Russia on the purchase of Indian tobacco for 1963. And on the same day a statistical survey, released by the Soviet ministry of foreign trade, indicated that Soviet-Indian trade would increase considerably in 1963 over 1962 levels. (Russian-Chinese trade, incidentally, has been falling and their economic co-operation has all but vanished.)

The requirements of the Russian-Chinese alliance demanded that the Russians inform India at this time that the sale of MIG fighter planes had to be canceled "due to the international situation." But it is believed that the Russians have not gone so far as to cut off all the small-scale military equipment envisaged in their trade agreement for 1962.

Family Quarrels

The Chinese seem to be applying maximum ideological pressure on the Russians to break with the Indians—so far without any apparent success. They have seized on the Khrushchev backdown on Cuba as a pretext for launching a vicious propaganda attack against the Soviet leader's policy of "peaceful coexistence." They continue to employ the familiar euphemisms of the Sino-Soviet dialogue, but their message is crystal clear. Paraphrased, it might read as follows: Khrushchev has been "appeasing" the Americans (the Chinese actually used that word in a *People's Daily* editorial on November 5). If he contrives to give any support to the Indians—possibly even if he doesn't quickly convert his lukewarm support of the Chinese into a passionate defense—then he is obviously an "imperialist lackey" who has abandoned all "Marxist-Leninist principles" by selling out to "modern revisionists"—and he should be ousted from the party.

The Russians haven't backed away from the full implications of this Chinese challenge. Soviet journals balance their support of Khrushchev's decision on Cuba with equally undisguised attacks against "dogmatists," meaning the Chinese, who talk of "retreat from principles" and "fear of capitalism" but who have clearly adopted an "unrealistic view of the world situation" and who don't "understand that war is no longer fatally inevitable."

It is now apparent that the Russians can no longer enjoy the luxury of name-calling while sitting on a fence. Events along the Sino-Indian border are moving too quickly to allow such ideological passivity.

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The Harvest of Menonism

PREM BHATIA

SINCE the Chinese opened their big offensive in the northeast sector, the Indian losses have not been catastrophic in terms of territory, but the ease with which the enemy has pushed forward has shocked people in India who had been led to believe that their army was more than a match for the invader along this limited front. Some hard thinking has already taken place, but there is still a great deal to be told.

The unpreparedness resulted not only from an inadequate military program, although that was serious enough, but also from a faulty assessment of Chinese intentions. India's adoption of neutrality was a political strategy as well as an expression of its profound faith in Gandhian pacifism. Neutrality was considered a political necessity because the country was anxious to avoid military animosities so that it could devote its energies to economic development. Since Gandhian pacifism was a basic creed, the adoption of neutrality was an easy step. It also gave Indian political leaders a sense of mission, which in turn led to a feeling of moral superiority in the conduct of international relations. Only another small step was required for Nehru to accept in all good faith the famous five points of *Panchsheel* put forward by China in 1954 as a pledge of nonaggression and peaceful coexistence between the two nations.

War, cold or hot, was an evil to be avoided, and the possibility of war, so far as India was concerned, came to be almost totally disregarded. What Nehru forgot was that irrespective of India's own abhorrence of war, the Chinese might want to start a fight. I was with him during his visit to China in October, 1954. After we had been shown some examples of the Chinese economic effort, I asked the prime minister whether he did not think that China's increasing strength might prove to be a threat to India. He was categorical in his reply. The Chinese, he said, were so occupied with internal development that they would not have the time for any form of aggression for at least twenty-five years. And yet only a year or two later the Chinese were occupying Indian territory in Ladakh on the frontier of Kashmir. In 1957 they had also built a road linking Sinkiang with Lhasa across Indian territory. Today the Chinese are massed in strength in both Ladakh and the northeast sector and show every intention of moving into the Brahmaputra Valley to Assam.

Warnings Unheeded

If the government of India is now shocked at Chinese aggression, the blame does not lie with the Chinese but with Nehru and his colleagues. For at least five years the Chinese had given plenty of evidence that they meant to get what they wanted. During those years a series of protests were sent from New Delhi to Peking against the steady Chinese advance in Ladakh. The warnings remained practically unheeded, and it was not until August, 1961, that the army was given clear and unambiguous instructions to build a network of military checkposts. Hasty preparations were also made to build a few mountain roads and generally to improve communications in that difficult terrain. Nevertheless such military preparations as were undertaken to meet a real or potential Chinese challenge remained inadequate. Until about three months ago Nehru and his then principal defense adviser, V. K. Krishna Menon (whose resignation was received with cheers on November 7), were still not convinced that the Chinese would risk a war with India by inviting a military conflict in Ladakh or the North-East Frontier Agency.

These political and psychological errors were not the only factors responsible for unpreparedness. There was also the obvious physical difficulty of providing and equipping a force to operate in mountainous country several hundred miles away from military bases. This difficulty led to a further weakening of the will to resist China. Even if the realization had dawned earlier that the Chinese Communists are a ruthless enemy, other obstacles prevented an adequate military build-up. Some two-thirds of India's armed strength has been deployed on the Pakistani borders since 1947 in the belief that the greatest threat came from there. Menon repeatedly referred to Pakistan as India's Enemy No. 1. While this was regarded by many Indians as a deliberate diversion of attention from the Chinese danger, fear of Pakistan could not be ignored. But even Nehru did not believe until the spring of this year that the threat from Peking was substantial. Not much more than two years ago his retort to Pakistan's suggestion for a joint defense pact with India was, "Joint defense against whom?"

ALL THESE are more or less familiar facts of recent history. What is not so familiar to many people—including some Indians—is that military and strategic requirements have been completely neglected in the formulation and execution of defense policy. That the military should take orders from the civil authority in a democracy like India goes without saying. An example of how zealously this principle is followed in India occurred in 1959, when the then army chief of staff, General K.S. Thimayya, resigned his post following a serious difference of opinion with Menon over certain senior army appointments. The general was persuaded to withdraw his resignation, but in a subsequent statement in parliament Nehru strongly defended Menon on the ground of civil supremacy. Nehru's statement amounted to a snub to the army chief of staff and was widely resented by the armed forces as being calculated to put the army in its place.

There were other reasons for keeping the army down. The example of military supremacy in the immediate neighborhood, especially in Pakistan, made Indian leaders wary of considering the armed forces as anything more than a not particularly cherished branch of the civil service. The privileged position enjoyed by the army under the British disappeared swiftly after 1947, despite a

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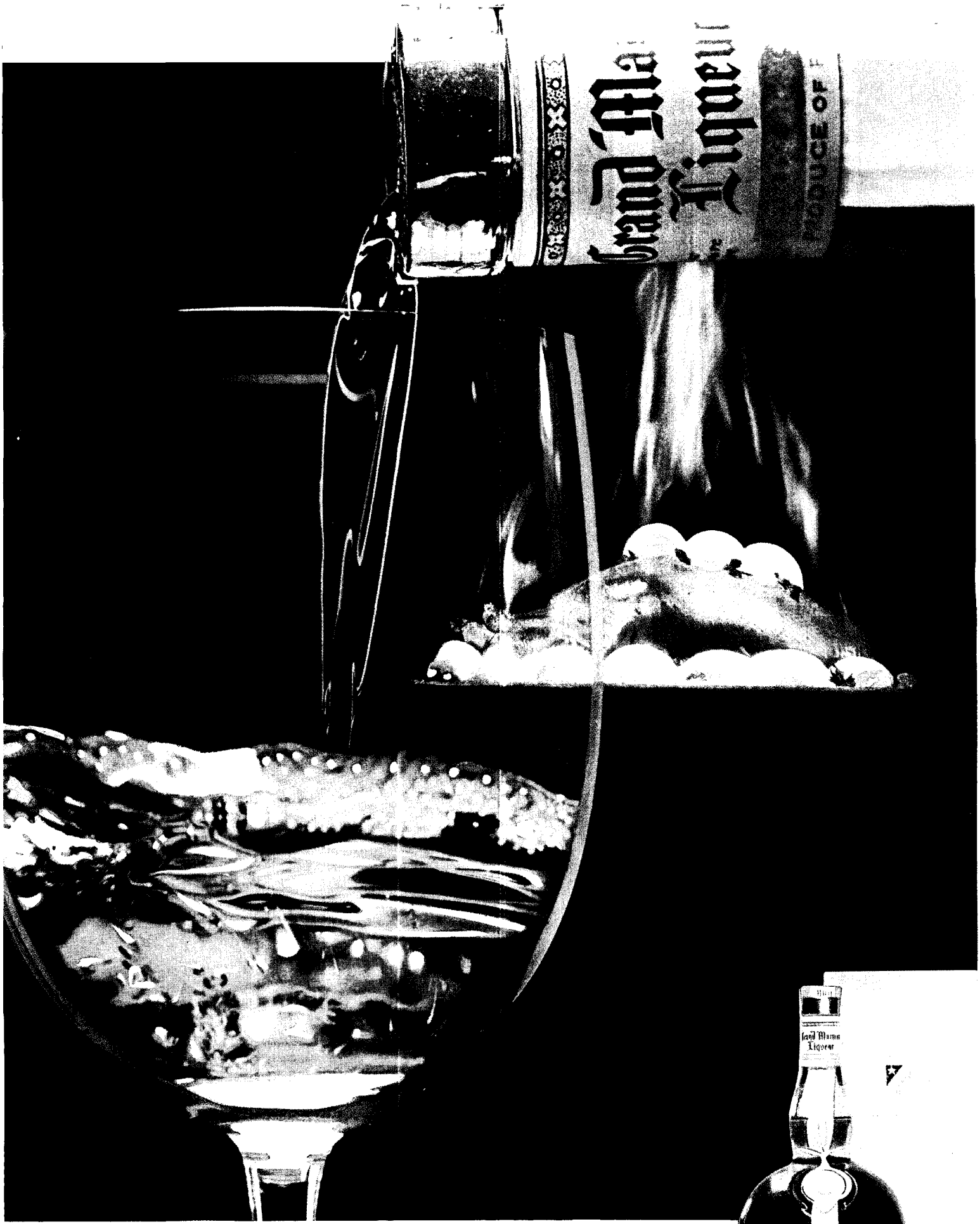

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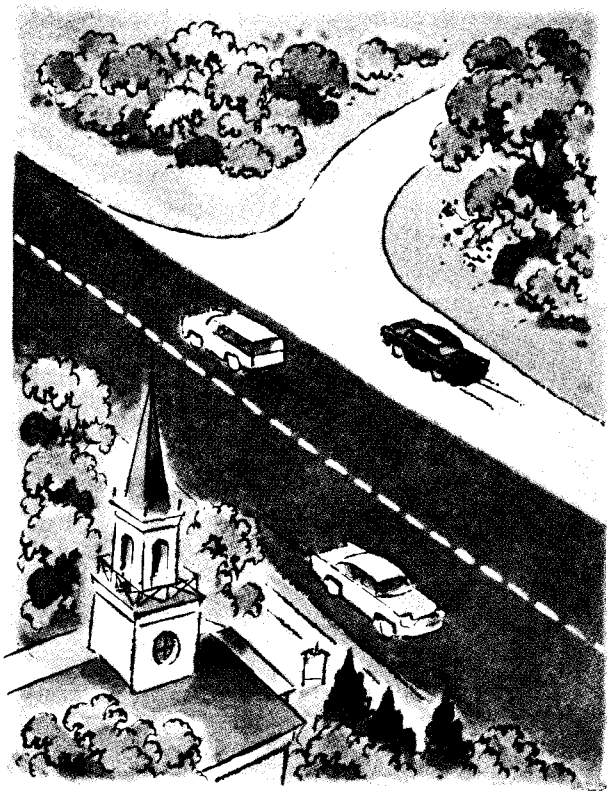

could transform our streets and countryside into safer, more colorful places. *Business, conducted with imagination, often produces unexpected benefits.*

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Helen Hayes has some hints on helping overseas visitors feel at home

Help with directions
I've stayed in practically every city in America, yet I often have to ask directions. So imagine the difficulty our guests will have as they travel here. Be as helpful as you can. If you don't know the answer, find somebody who does.

Local customs
Visitors passing through your town need to know things about our stores—how and when we shop. Tell them, too, about traffic and parking regulations, opening and closing hours at museums and nearby recreation areas.

Transportation
It's surprising how visitors appreciate your words of advice—on where to get a taxicab; how to rent a car, how to locate the correct bus or train at a station. They will also be grateful for your pointers about our highways.

"Company's Coming! Everywhere I go people are talking about it and asking what they can do to help. I've been telling them that simple American hospitality is most important. I think a visitor will remember the busy Philadelphian who takes time to put him on the right bus just as vividly as he'll recall Independence Hall. And a courtesy extended by a Montana drugstore clerk will make an impression quite as lasting as Yellowstone National Park. So please remember that friendly Americans win America friends!"

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brief period of glory in the Kashmir operations in 1947-1948. Any publicity given to individual officers was severely frowned upon, and a strong civil secretariat in the defense ministry made sure that generals, all marshals, and admirals were rarely seen and heard even less.

'Over My Dead Body'

Although the advent of Menon as defense minister brought the armed services somewhat higher salary scales, it did nothing to increase their prestige and influence. There was in fact an increased anonymity. The posts of principal staff officers, who function as advisers in the making of defense policy and its execution from headquarters, came to be filled by people known for their discretion and silence. Two of India's best fighting generals, K. S. Thimayya and S. P. P. Thorat, who are still remembered for their firm stand at the time of the Korean armistice, retired in bitterness and disgust. Some of the very senior officers under Menon thus became yes men, who gave the defense minister only the kind of advice he clearly favored. Menon also successfully blocked the channels of communication between his subordinates and the prime minister, and the rest of the cabinet, thoroughly ignorant about subjects pertaining to war or military strategy, was content to leave the whole business in Menon's "expert" hands.

There were, however, certain exceptions. Chief among these is Lieut-General B. M. Kaul, who commands the troops now fighting in the northeast. General Kaul was brought to army headquarters in New Delhi three years ago in the belief that he would be a yes man. Indeed, for a long time he lost favor with many of his colleagues for that reason. In due course, however, his real independence and concern for national security brought him into conflict with Menon. The showdown came finally over the procurement of weapons for the army. There were constant complaints about shortages of equipment and obsolete arms, but Menon was opposed to approaching the West—he is known to have remarked that western weapons would be obtained only "over my dead body."

For reasons of security, those complaints were not made public, mainly owing to India's long dispute with Pakistan. But the inadequacy of arms supplies was obvious to the commanders and became a glaring scandal during the limited operation in Goa, when even army boots were not available in the required numbers. Menon's invariable reply was that the arms needed by the army could be obtained from the Soviet Union. Yet no effort was made to get supplies from Russia. For items manufactured at home Menon depended almost entirely on government ordnance factories; his leftist beliefs did not allow him to mobilize the resources of the private sector of industry.

Meanwhile the public—which included parliament—was being kept in complete ignorance about the

government's thinking on defense. When the MIG deal with the Soviet Union (now apparently in a state of suspension) was initiated, only three persons in the government knew about it. These were the prime minister himself, the defense minister, and a senior officer of the Air Force who was sent to Moscow to make the initial soundings. It was only after the news leaked out in the press that the cabinet was informed. Even at that stage, the cabinet was not given all the facts, and it was only under pressure from parliament that a team of experts was sent to the West to try to find alternative resources for fighter aircraft. While the experts were still in London, the manufacturers of the French Mirage III fighter offered to set up a factory in India to match the Russian offer. Menon, however, turned them down on the ground that he was "committed to the Russians." This fact has still not been revealed to the cabinet, nor has the cabinet been told yet that the experts who went to Moscow considered the MIG-21 unsatisfactory for India's purposes. Menon carefully suppressed all that information.

THE NET RESULT of Menon's ascendancy in defense matters has been reflected in the operations against the Chinese. India's peacetime army had come to be looked upon more and more as an additional branch of the social services—to be used for organizing relief during floods and rail disasters or to assist the civil authority in time of internal disorder—and less and less as an active fighting force for defense against an external enemy.

The excellent fighting potential of India—the Sikhs, the Rajputs, the Jats and Gurkhas and many other traditional fighting classes—has remained unused in the armed services. The officer class has found itself without real initiative in planning and strategy thinking. With all their undoubted virtues, the senior ranks have been functioning as uniformed bureaucrats over a period of fifteen years. Because their earlier British training made the Sandhurst-educated officer rather conservative while the younger generation of trainees from the National Military academy in Dehra Dun has not yet entered the planning echelons at the defense ministry, there has not been much originality in strategic thinking.

Morale is still fairly high, especially because the civil population today is united in anger against the Chinese invasion. But the armed forces need a generous supply of modern weapons and sound political leadership that would leave no room for doubt about the government's intentions vis-à-vis the Chinese. Since the conflict with Peking is going to be long and exhausting, a new official approach to the status and value of the armed forces is also called for. The Indian armed forces are patriotic, loyal, and reasonably efficient, and do not deserve the neglect they have suffered at the hands of the civil authorities.

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French Politics After the Referendum

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S margin of victory in last month's referendum was too narrow to hearten his followers in this month's legislative elections, but was substantial enough to take much of the sting out of the defeat the Gaullists seem likely to suffer. One must always remember that de Gaulle has never been a Gaullist, and has invariably considered the party of his faithful as an unavoidable concession to the surviving mores of French politics.

The electorate's endorsement of the de Gaulle constitutional amendment, providing for election of the president by direct suffrage, has radically changed the rules of the French political game. France can now be called a presidential republic where the president represents the whole people. Even if the opposition should gain control of the National Assembly, de Gaulle's position will not be much worse than that of an American President faced with a hostile Congress. In all probability it will turn out to be a good deal less difficult than that. The sixty-two per cent majority in the referendum —won in the teeth of what a recent government communiqué termed the "furious coalition of the old-time parties"—was not only a personal vote of confidence in de Gaulle. It also undoubtedly reflected a strong current of opinion in favor of "political renovation," as the same communiqué put it. This modernizing trend may not automatically assure the election of Gaullist candidates in the regions where it is dominant, but it greatly reduces the danger that a stable anti-Gaullist majority in parliament will emerge. Unquestionably, this parliamentary majority will have a sizable Communist group on the Left and a hardened group of extremists on the far Right. The anti-Gaullists in between will not have an easy time.

The outlook for de Gaulle, and even up to a point for the Gaullists, is further brightened by the cracks in the opposition front that have opened since the referendum. A particularly interesting example is furnished by the Seine-et-Oise Department that surrounds the capital and includes its outer suburbs. Both the Communists and the so-called Democratic Front of opposition parties, stretching from the right-wing Independents to the Socialists, campaigned energetically against the Gaullist-sponsored amendment. The mixed electorate of commuting industrial workers and wealthy suburbanites proved responsive to the opposition propaganda; the majority of "Yesses" was only a fraction above fifty-four per cent and the absentee rate was higher than in many other districts. In last April's referendum more than eighty-nine per cent of the department's voters had endorsed de Gaulle's Algerian policy. The local setback to his prestige was thus patent and severe.

Breaks in the Opposition

Bucked up by their relative victory, the members of the Democratic Front managed to agree for the forthcoming elections on a single candidate of the whole coalition in each of the department's eighteen precincts. It was a revolutionary innovation in French politics that looked as if it might foreshadow the regrouping and streamlining of French political parties which de Gaulle himself claims to be promoting. Unfortunately from the anti-Gaullist viewpoint, the example of the opposition parties in the Seine-et-Oise has not been followed on the departmental scale anywhere else in France, though more limited electoral accords have been concluded between two or more opposition parties in several areas.

Even in the Seine-et-Oise the opposition front began to split before the electoral campaign was officially under way. In several precincts Socialist voters discovered to their indignation that their party machine had committed them to vote for right-wing candidates with Algérie Française or even OAS affiliations. "Such a coalition stretching from the Socialists to the worst reactionaries," warned a statement put out by the local Communist machine, "is the very image of that return to the past

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which the people refuse at any price. It can only provide ammunition for the demagogic campaign against the parties being waged by de Gaulle and the UNR." Whether as a result of Communist criticism or because their own consciences were troubling them, the Socialists openly disregarded the opposition pact in one precinct by entering a candidate against the official Democratic Front nominee—a former Gaullist named Pierre Picard who, it turned out, had resigned from the UNR because of his friendship for Jacques Soustelle. In another precinct the Socialists are unofficially supporting a left-wing candidate with no formal party affiliations against the Democratic Front's candidate, Jean Paul David, a well-known anti-Communist "activist." Thanks to the strains within the Democratic Front, the Gaullists have a chance of hanging on to more than half of the ten National Assembly seats they now hold in the Seine-et-Oise, and, of the seats they stand to lose, two or three will be to a Communist or a member of the dissident Socialist PSU, whose votes in the National Assembly cannot be counted upon to put an anti-Gaullist coalition government in power.

THE SITUATION in the Seine-et-Oise reflects the most glaring weakness of the anti-Gaullist camp: the irreconcilable antagonism between its right and left wings. Conservative French democrats succumb occasionally to the temptation to flirt with the totalitarians of the Right, but they will never under any circumstances agree to work with the Communists. Left-wing French democrats on the other hand would accept Communist help against de Gaulle under certain circumstances but not that of the Secret Army Organization or any other elements of the fascist Right.

Since the Algérie Française sympathizers and the Communists—especially the latter—accounted for a substantial portion of the nearly eight million votes cast against de Gaulle's amendment in the referendum, the centrist opposition faces an awkward dilemma in this month's contests. Traditional electoral logic calls for Popular Front-type alliances among Radicals, Socialists, and Communists, particularly in the southern districts, where there was a majority of "Noes" in the referendum. Some experts believe that a Popular Front trend will in fact develop for the runoff elections on November 25 in districts where no candidate has won an absolute majority in the first-round balloting November 18. If the trend seems to develop on a large scale, however, it will automatically break up the Democratic Front and force its Catholic or conservative members into their own alliances with the Gaullists.

The Ancient Line of Cleavage

Underlying the problem of ideological incompatibilities among the various anti-Gaullist factions is the even deeper factor of the traditional particularisms of the French countryside. Despite nearly two centuries of extreme centralization—or perhaps because of them—the French rural voter still seems very largely to go on living in a political universe whose fundamental issues date back to the early days of the Third Republic and whose geographical boundaries have often been inherited from the provinces of the old monarchy.

The weight of political tradition, which impedes the formation of an effective opposition (as well as the Gaullist program of political renovation) was strikingly demonstrated in the referendum. The area that yielded the highest percentage of "Noes" coincided almost exactly with the classic crescent of dissent stretching from the center-west to the southeast, where since the Second Empire peasants and small-town bourgeoisie have consistently voted Left in protest against what they consider the tyranny of state and church. On the perimeter of this crescent or enclosed between its horns are islets of no less traditional conservatism—for example the Basque country and the southeastern slopes of the Massif Central, where de Gaulle's majority last month equaled or exceeded the national average. And it was the traditional bastions of clericalism, nationalism, and authoritarianism in the west and east that as usual produced majorities for de Gaulle running up to ninety per cent.

Local and National Interests

The basic geographical frontier between the solidly pro-Gaullist and the hostile or lukewarm opinion blocs in the referendum was the Loire Valley—the classic dividing line between the modern and dynamic north and the economically static or declining south. Though naturally there were anti-Gaullist pockets in the economic high-pressure zone, and vice versa, the referendum not only confirmed the traditional gap between the two Frances—which some historically minded analysts trace back to the early Middle Ages, when the Loire was a linguistic as well as a political frontier—but strongly suggested that the mid-twentieth-century economic revolution promoted by the Common Market has actually accentuated it.

As the weekly *France-Observateur* has pointed out, it was at least partly due to the Common Market or to

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the European Coal and Steel Community that the expanding industrial center of Lille in the north voted "Yes" while Decazeville, a once prosperous south central minning area that increased competition has rendered submarginal, voted "No." Since the Gaullist UNR is most strongly implanted north of the Loire, the classic river line should logically be the electoral frontier between the Gaullists and the anti-Gaullist coalition, but the fact is that two of the opposition parties, the MRP and the Independents, are strongest where the UNR is quite strong, and often appeal to much the same type of voter. Hence it is that during the present electoral campaign three opposition leaders, the Independents Bertrand Motte and Paul Reynaud and the Socialist Guy Mollet, have faced tough struggles for re-election in northern precincts that last month gave de Gaulle majorities above the national average. Hence also that in eastern France, where the voters are both ardently Gaullist and traditionally aligned with the opposition MRP, there is a tacit agreement between the UNR and the MRP symbolized by the UNR's nomination of an obscure local candidate to conduct a strictly token campaign against former Premier Pierre Pflimlin, the mayor of Strasbourg, who was officially neutral on the referendum issue. Hence also in Metz, the capital of nearby Lorraine, the Independent Mayor-Deputy Raymond Mondon, who broke party discipline by refusing to vote censure of the Pompidou government last month, is running for re-election with official Gaullist endorsement.

The two-round voting system on the basis of single-member constituencies that the Fifth Republic has borrowed from the Third, thereby rejecting proportional representation, stresses local over national issues and favors these seemingly illogical deals between adversaries that in reality make for the play of ancient local interests rather than for the sweep of ideologies. The result of the nation-wide vote cannot be exactly reflected in the fragments of the local constituencies.

On November 7, de Gaulle called on the nation to throw off the dead weight of the "parties of the past" that joined against him in their "professional passion" and were repudiated by the referendum vote. "I hope that you will see to it that this second consultation [the coming elections] does not contradict the first," and he asked for deputies who, regardless of party, "will serve within a system wholly devoted to the national interest." He named no parties, not even his own, but André Malraux's new Association for the Fifth Republic has already endorsed forty-two non-Gaullist candidates.

When the New Assembly Meets

The impact of all these complex factors will be felt when the new Assembly convenes. The UNR, which held 173 seats out of 480 at the end of the last legislature, can hardly fail to drop down, perhaps to a hundred or even less, while most of the opposition parties, particularly the Radicals and the Communists, seem almost sure to gain ground. Thus the Gaullists have little chance of obtaining a parliamentary majority for any coalition government headed by themselves. But taking into account the pressures on many MRP and Independent deputies from their pro-Gaullist constituents, the survival of the present Democratic Front as an anti-Gaullist bloc in the Assembly is not very likely either—unless de Gaulle himself deliberately keeps it alive.

When the Assembly convenes next month, de Gaulle will have the choice of two strategies. He can name as premier some non-Gaullist who is not a systematic anti-Gaullist —for example Pflimlin or former Premier Edgar Faure—and co-operate with the parliamentary majority, at least for the first year of the new legislature, during which the constitution forbids him to dissolve the Assembly again. Or he can choose to disregard the unmistakable warning given him by the substantial number of normally Gaullist voters who boycotted the referendum, and can resume his war with the parties, utilizing the many constitutional weapons available to him, including the important new one of being able to resign and run for re-election. Such an aggressive strategy might succeed but, unless forced on de Gaulle by his adversaries, it would more probably prove disastrous both for him and for France.

Farmers on Strike

JULIUS DUSCHA

THE LABOR DEPARTMENT recently paid a great compliment to a new and still almost amateurish organization when it blamed a farmers' strike for a sharp increase in meat prices. The strike was led by the militant National Farmers Organization, which has swept across the Midwest like a prairie fire. The NFO has stunned officials of the well-established farm lobbies and surprised rural politicians, who say little about the NFO because they are so uncertain about the depth of its influence.

Until the Labor Department conceded in its September consumer price index report that the NFO-led farmers' strike had caused a temporary increase in meat prices, both the government and the big Midwestern meat packers had discounted the effectiveness of the NFO's month-long effort to hold cattle, hogs, and sheep off the market in a demand for higher prices. The three major farm organizations—the American Farm Bureau Federation, the National Farmers Union, and the National Grange—had also belittled the upstart NFO. But visitors to the corn belt at the height of the NFO's "all-out holding action" in September quickly sensed that the movement was constantly gaining strength and was threatening to upset the long-established balances of economic and political power in rural and small-town America.

Now that the effectiveness of the NFO has in effect been recognized by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the protest movement is expected to generate even more support. It displayed impressive muscle in Des Moines, Iowa, on a hot afternoon last August when twenty thou-

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sand discontented farmers jammed the municipal auditorium to roar their approval of NFO President Oren Lee Staley's plans for the holding action that began on August 31. From then until October 2, tens of thousands of farmers throughout the Midwest, many of whom did not even belong to the NFO, withheld cattle, hogs, and sheep that they would normally have marketed. This caused a temporary shortage of meat and a rise in meat prices followed. The NFO called a recess in the strike on October 2, to "give those who need to do so an opportunity to sell some of their livestock." This was a face-saving way of saying that the farmers had held out as long as they could. So the animals went to market and meat prices declined.

Although the holding action has not yet been resumed, no one in the Midwest believes that the last has been heard of the NFO. In fact, not in thirty years has the interest in nongovermental action to raise farm prices matched the stir created by the NFO in just three months.

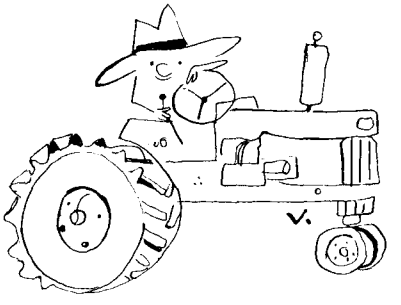
An Expensive Floor

Curiously, the militant NFO movement received considerable impetus in midsummer when the Committee for Economic Development issued a scholarly report suggesting that one out of three farmers ought to leave the land for the city during the next five years. The proposed rural migration rate was about the same as it has been in the last decade, but the NFO turned the CED report into a rallying point for its own program.

The CED, a group of progressive businessmen, noted that overproduction was the crux of the farm problem and that it made more sense to move farmers to cities than it did to subsidize uneconomic production on the farms. The NFO, however, read the report as an attack on farmers and immediately got farmers to pile up Sears, Roebuck mail-order catalogues in front of Sears stores in the Midwest to protest the presence of a Sears director on the CED. The Sears management quickly pointed out that the director was acting on his own and did not represent the company on the CED.

Since the first Agricultural Adjustment Administration farm laws of the early New Deal days, most farmers and farm-organization leaders have stressed government action to put a floor under farm prices and to keep the income of farmers on a parity with the income of other Americans. In recent years, the Farm Bureau, which is the nation's most powerful and most conservative farm lobby, has become disenchanted with the controls that are an inevitable part of government price supports and has called for the gradual withdrawal of the Federal government from the agricultural economy.

Small- and medium-size farmers, who make up the bulk of the NFO membership, have also become disillusioned with Federal farm programs. These farmers have seen the size of farms steadily increase and the big farmers prosper while the



rest continue to struggle along. The vast technological changes in agriculture—expensive equipment, fertilizers, insecticides, vitamins, and so forth—are more to blame for the plight of many farmers than are the farm programs. They have meant that a farmer has had to increase the size of his operation to make a profit. Nevertheless, many small and medium-size farmers blame the government for the trend toward bigness.

The NFO is the first regional or nation-wide organization since Milo Reno's Farmers' Holiday Association of the depression era to advocate the withholding of commodities to force up prices. The Farmers' Holiday movement was strongest in 1933 just before Franklin D. Roosevelt got Congress to enact the first farm price-support legislation. Farmers' Holiday demonstrations in the Midwest led to violence, including dumping milk and overturning cattle trucks. The NFO movement has led to sporadic violence to intimidate the reluctant but not at all on the Farmers' Holiday scale. The 1933 protests ended largely because farmers were willing to try government programs, for which they had been agitating throughout most of the 1920's. But the NFO is not looking to the government for help. Under the NFO program, once an optimum price level has been forced by the withholding of commodities, the organization hopes to negotiate annual contracts with packers and other processors, guaranteeing satisfactory prices to farmers for their meat, milk, grain, and other commodities.

The NFO claims that it can effectively control marketing if only thirty per cent of the farmers in an area agree to strike until the price is right, though economists judge this to be an optimistic estimate. In the first two weeks of the big NFO protest this fall, cattle and hog sales in parts of the Midwest were cut to one-fourth of normal. Lesser efforts in the previous three years resulted in the negotiation of a few minor contracts with small processors, but no contracts with large companies have even reached the talking stage. The NFO leaders readily concede that higher prices for farm commodities would mean higher food prices, but they argue that the cost to consumers would be far less than what consumers are now paying in taxes for subsidies to keep farm prices high. The Budget Bureau's latest estimate shows that farm subsidy programs (livestock products are not subsidized) cost the government $3 billion a year. Since not all of this sum actually reaches the farmers, NFO leaders argue that if subsidies were abolished farmers could get substantial price increases and still save the taxpayers money.

WHATEVER its cost to consumers, the NFO program has come along at a time when many farmers have become frustrated and disillusioned with existing government farm programs. During two extensive trips through the Midwest and the West this fall, I found that the farm belt was indeed in ferment. Small farms have been uneconomic for years, and now even many medium-size Midwest farms of from two hundred to four hundred acres are becoming obsolete. Every week farms are being

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sold, generally to neighboring farmers who want to add the land to their present acreages so that they can make their costly machinery pay. Abandoned farmhouses and buildings are a common sight in the Midwest, and many once prosperous small towns are drying up as the soil did in the Dust Bowl days of the 1930's.

A Weekend Farmer

Although the NFO has among its members a fair number of large farmers, its strength lies with the small and medium-size operators in areas where the soil and the topography are not the best. In these places live the farmers who for lack of training or resources cannot keep up with the rapidly changing technology of agriculture. They are hard-working for the most part and do not want to leave the familiar land for the assembly-line cities. They are also the farmers who get the least help from the price-support and other government farm programs. A man with a net cash income from $2,500 to $5,000 a year does not have a large enough farming operation to benefit greatly from government price supports.

President Staley of the NFO, a big, beefy Missouri farmer, seems to be typical of his organization's members. He farms four hundred rolling acres near Rea, in northwestern Missouri, where he raises hogs, pure-bred beef cattle, and corn for feed. Staley is thirty-nine years old. He bought his land after the Second World War at a fairly high price and is struggling with his steep fixed costs. While Staley runs the NFO from a cluttered desk in the back room of an old store on the quiet main street of the little town of Corning in southwestern Iowa, his wife operates his farm during the week with the help of a hired hand. Staley usually gets home to help only on weekends.

Seated at a desk piled high with letters, yellowing newspaper clippings, cardboard boxes filled with correspondence, and empty medicine bottles, Staley tilted back his chair, propped up a foot, clasped his hands behind his head, and quietly told me how the idea for a farmers' holding action, or strike, had come to him.

"I was sitting on my tractor, plowing corn and thinking," Staley said earnestly, "when I suddenly realized that the farmer is about the only person left who still takes his produce or goods to market and just asks, 'What'll you give me for them?' Everyone else has some control over their market. Businessmen can quickly change their production plans, but farmers can't. Workers have their unions, but not many farmers have much of a bargaining position."

It was then, Staley said, he decided that farmers could only save themselves by taking direct action to get better prices in the market place for their commodities. Staley pointed out that the NFO program differs from previous agrarian protest movements because it goes further and proposes to solve farm-price problems through collective-bargaining contracts with processors. Two-thirds of the NFO members in an area that would be affected by a contract would have to approve the agreement before it could go into effect. Staley's vision, which has also been seen by other farm leaders down through the last sixty years, came to him in 1957. He has been the organization's president since it was founded in 1955 following a meeting of thirty-five farmers at Carroll, Iowa, called by a farmer and a feed salesman to protest low hog prices. "But," as Staley said to me, "you can protest for only so long." So two years after the first NFO county units were set up, Staley began steering the organization toward countryside collective bargaining.

Shirtsleeve Strategists

The NFO claimed that by its first winter, in 1955-1956, it had 180,000 members in thirteen Midwestern states. The organization no longer issues membership figures, preferring, Staley said, to keep "the opposition" guessing as to its size and the location of its strength, which everyone knows is concentrated in Missouri and Iowa. At twenty-five dollars a year, the NFO membership fee is fairly high. Most observers of its activities in the Midwest discounted the initial 180,000 membership claim and would be surprised if even now there were more than 75,000 to 100,000 members.

Whatever its membership, the NFO has the kind of strength, unity, and appeal that is often lacking today in the Farm Bureau, with its more than one million members, as well as in the Farmers Union and the Grange. These Big Three farm organizations go to great lengths to demonstrate how their policies are supposedly germinated down on the farm, but their leadership is so entrenched and so set in its ways that grass-roots revolts within the organization are easy to put down. The contrast between the bucolic NFO headquarters on a Midwestern Main Street right out of Sinclair Lewis and the sophisticated Washington operations of the long-established farm organizations is startling. Oren Staley and the other NFO officers don't even wear coats and ties to their makeshift offices, favoring instead open shirts and lightweight cloth jackets with zippers. Their offices are as crowded as they are cluttered. There are no rugs on the floors and no secretaries blocking the doors. Press releases, newspapers, and other publications are issued, but seldom on time. Salaries and expense accounts are modest. During the September holding action, cots were moved into the offices and either Staley or one of his aides was on duty twenty-four hours a day.

Staley is a Baptist Sunday-school teacher. He says that he has never taken a drink and smokes only when the pressures of his job become too much for him. He is as open and straightforward as the members of the NFO whom I met one night in a smoky, dilapidated Veterans of Foreign Wars meeting hall in the southcentral Iowa town of Osceola. Dressed in worn overalls, old jackets, and hats, fifty or more NFO members crowded into the hall to have a cup of coffee and to hear an NFO organizer explain to them the decision to call a recess in the holding action. Many of these farmers had been hurting and were obviously relieved to hear that they could now raise some badly needed cash by selling their hogs and cattle that were getting too fat and were overdue for market. But no one seemed to consider the lifting of the strike to be an admission of defeat. One after another they told me how the number of hogs sold in their county during the first two weeks of the strike had amounted to only a fourth

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to a third of normal sales for that time of year.

They were mostly men in their fifties and forties who had bought land late in the 1940's or early in the 1950's and were now caught in an ever-tightening cost-price squeeze on their mortgage payments. Donald Burgus, for example, farms 280 acres for which he told me he paid ninety dollars an acre. By planting fifty acres of corn and a few acres of soybeans and feeding twenty head of cattle, he managed to net only $2,500 last year, even with the help of the government's generous feed-grain program under which he was paid for cutting back corn acreage.

Then there are farmers like Lowell Chipp, who have decided that the only way they can continue to live in the country is to try to combine farming with a factory job. Five days a week Chipp and four other farmers from his neighborhood pool a car and drive fifty miles to Des Moines to work on an assembly line in a Ford plant there. With his wife's help, Chipp still manages to tend to his hogs and cows early in the mornings, late into the nights, and on weekends.

All of the NFO members who had come to town for their regular Tuesday-night meeting had troubles that they wanted to pour out once they were satisfied that the visitor from the East was merely curious and not a spy from "the opposition," by which the NFO means other farm organizations as well as the big meat packers. The farmers were embarrassingly frank in discussing their low incomes and hard work at the only life they know.

TO A GREAT MANY economists and politicians the NFO program of direct action may seem to be impractical and even naïve. Market control, economists argue, can be successful only when the number of producers is restricted, where government enforces control, or when there is enough money to bankroll the withholders or enough force to keep the independents in line. But to the NFO members it offers what they think may be their only hope for survival in agriculture, where bigness is becoming as common as it has been in other sections of the economy for generations.

Our Integrated Army

ROBERT E. SCHWEITZ

A FLURRY of hastily worded denials and clarifications was put out by the Army after questions had been raised about the racial composition of the Federal troops sent to maintain order in Mississippi. These pronouncements did less than justice to the Army's record in such matters. The fact is, all the armed services of the United States are more thoroughly and fairly integrated than any other social grouping of similar size and complexity in American life.

This is not to say that there is no segregation in the armed forces. There is, but it is important to note that none of it exists with official sanction. Indeed, the Army is so sensitive about the racial issue that it won't even admit that it knows how many Negro officers it has. It knows, but it won't tell. The standard reply is that the records are not kept on a racial basis.

Although official policy is firmly against segregation, sometimes civilians bring their prejudices in with them at the recruiting station. There is no inoculation against it.

Negro men in uniform still have trouble finding suitable housing for their families, and in many areas the schools to which they send their youngsters are segregated—although the school systems get plenty of Federal aid. That's the reason the Justice Department moved in on Prince George County, Virginia, where Fort Lee is located. If the county doesn't integrate the schools that serve Fort Lee youngsters, it stands to lose Federal payments.

At the Pentagon's request this summer, the President appointed an Advisory Committee on Equal Opportunity in the Armed Forces. It is meeting in the Pentagon, and one of its jobs is to advise the President on what can be done to assure equal opportunity and treatment for all members of the armed forces. Since obeying orders is still a pretty good way to get along in the services, the application of the committee's recommendations within the active forces should not prove to be a major problem.

There is still segregation in the National Guard and the reserve force, and this will not be easy to eliminate. The reason for the difficulty is that both have some elements of local control. The Army Reserve, for example, was ordered to integrate last spring. An appeal procedure was set up so that Negroes who were refused admission to local units could get a chance to expose the discriminatory practices. But the appeals procedure didn't work because tests for fitness of the Negro applicants, both mental and physical, were given by the local unit officers. The Pentagon now has a new program for bringing its own standards of fitness into effect at the local level, but the program can still be circumvented.

Pentagon officials hope that the Presidential committee's recommendations will clear up the Army Reserve and National Guard situation. The main assignment of the committee will be much more difficult. It is to advise the President on how to keep civilians from discriminating against colored soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

Tightening the Purse Strings

The Negro in uniform has the same problem as his civilian counterpart in housing, schooling, swimming pools, busses, and parks. In the first two areas, education and housing, the intervention of the Federal government infuriates bigots from Maine to Florida. It brings cries of anguish from real-estate men too, who say they resent having the burden of social progress placed most heavily on their shoulders.

In education some fairly vigorous steps have been taken, as at Fort Lee. Since the 1954 Supreme Court decision, it is an understatement to say that not all Southern school districts have rushed to integrate. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare finally decided to apply financial pressure. Former Secretary Abraham Ribicoff announced that communities whose school systems serve children who live on Federal

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installations (mostly military bases) would have to integrate by September, 1963, or lose more than $12 million in Federal support each year. This edict affects seventeen Southern and border states and about 65,000 pupils.

Some segregationists and even some HEW officials believe that the Ribicoff plan is impossible to enforce. They say that if the local communities refuse to integrate, it would mean the building of schools on some bases to serve thousands of youngsters because of discrimination against only a handful of Negro children—possibly a single child. However, Pentagon officials insist that they will hold firm against the segregationists, and the new HEW Secretary, Anthony J. Celebrezze, shows no inclination to back off. Already, the Department of Defense is making a survey in each of these seventeen states to see exactly how many youngsters would be affected. They are thinking of converting existing on-base buildings for classroom use. The survey was asked for by HEW, which will have to pay most of the bills.

THE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT is moving in on school districts receiving funds under the program of aid for "impacted" areas—those in which large numbers of Federal employees, military and civilian, are served by local schools. These youngsters and their families live within the communities in which the schools are located, not on military posts.

The impacted-areas program is considerably larger than that for youngsters who live on base. The government has spent at the rate of $200 million a year in each of the eleven years this program has been in effect. Many Southern communities could not operate their schools without this fund, and it is especially important in the South because many of our military bases are concentrated there. One of the reasons for this is that more than half the Congressional committee chairmanships, and hence the governmental purse strings, are held by Southerners.

It is interesting to note that the conservative Southern lawmakers, who oppose aid-to-education bills out of habit and fear of integration riders, have been willing all these years to vote impacted-area money for the schools in their own districts. Next year, the plan set in motion by Ribicoff could be killed by these same congressmen when the impacted-areas question comes up for review. The case for the Ribicoff program hangs completely on his interpretation of one word while he was HEW Secretary. A section of the law says that the schools to which the Federal payments go must be "suitable." The intent of Congress in passing the law (PL874) was that suitability meant that the schools had a well-run educational program, that they were a reasonable distance from the military installation, and that they could satisfy certain other criteria having nothing to do with the race issue.

The HEW's interpretation, making integration one of the tests for suitability, angered the segregationists. So when the law comes up for review next year the Southerners may write a definition of suitability into the law. If they do, it is certain that the color issue will not be included in that definition and may even be specifically barred. The new law will certainly come before the September deadline set by the former HEW Secretary. That is why the administration is staking much on the Justice Department's action at Fort Lee and perhaps new cases elsewhere.

A Man Has a Family

Housing for Negro soldiers, sailors, and airmen is the second major battle. In the period between 1956 and 1960, while the total manpower strength was going down by more than 330,000, the number of married servicemen increased by eleven and one-half per cent. Moreover, the size of the average military family increased. Military families with three or more children more than doubled in that period. Consequently, the Defense Department has a huge housing backlog which it doesn't intend to fill completely with government-built housing. It will depend on privately owned housing near its bases.

In this competition for privately owned housing the Negro soldier and his family usually come in last. All the trouble isn't in the South, either. In fact, some of the worst problems are in Northern communities. An Air Force housing official to whom I talked said: "There is usually some Negro housing area in Southern communities, although the dwellings are substandard, but in many small Northern towns there is very little housing for Negroes. This is particularly rough for lower-ranking enlisted men who would not be authorized housing on base."

Most of the adequate privately owned off-base housing serving the military is listed by the services to help their families find homes when they are assigned to posts where on-base housing isn't sufficient. Rental agents are eager to get on these lists. A Navy official whom I questioned said, "Technically, those who refuse to rent to Negro Navy men could be stricken from the lists, but as a practical matter they are not because there would then be no available housing in some areas for the larger number of white servicemen."

In contrast, some housing officials in the Pentagon feel that taking segregated housing off the lists would prove such a financial blow to the rental agents that the bars to Negroes would come down. At any rate, there is no plan under consideration now to cut all segregated housing off the lists in a single action. Instead there are isolated skirmishes on this issue, fought mostly by the Army.

The Army has Nike anti-aircraft missile sites spotted around many large cities in this country. Quietly and without publicity, the Army is seeking in-town housing for the men who work at the sites. The landlords are asked whether they will rent to soldiers regardless of race. Those who draw the color line are crossed off the list. An active and vigorous effort is made to find landlords who will rent to Negroes. They may get either white or Negro tenants.

Doing much of the work behind the scenes on the problem of the Negro citizen in uniform is James C. Evans, counselor to the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower. Evans has been so effective at his job that he has survived most of the Assistant Secretaries and Secretaries for whom he has worked—and the administrations that appointed them. He came into the War Department in 1942 to help the Army understand

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the Negro and the Negro to find his way in the Army. In 1947 he was named racial-relations adviser to the Secretary of Defense. He has been doing this kind of work under one title or another ever since.

Up from Zero Per Cent

Before the Second World War there were only five Negro officers in the Army and none in the Navy, while the Air Force was not yet a separate service. Statistically, the advances the Negro has made in the services appear quite small. However, when you consider that it usually takes a man almost two decades to become a colonel and more to become a general, the statistics have more meaning.

A recent Air Force promotion list named three more Negroes to colonel, to make a total of eight. There are five Negro colonels in the Army. In the Navy, the highest-ranking Negro is a commander, equivalent to lieutenant colonel. A Negro, Lieutenant Commander Samuel L. Gravely, was given command of the U.S.S. *Falgout*, a radar picket ship, this year. He is the first Negro in our Navy's modern history to command a ship.

Despite the official answer that statistics on the percentages of Negro officers are not available, it is a fact that 2.8 per cent of all Army officers are Negroes. In the Air Force that figure is 1.4 per cent and in the Navy and Marine Corps 0.1.

Although the Navy appears to be slower than the other services in bringing the Negro to his full potential, it must be remembered that a decade ago the few Negroes who were in the Navy were almost all stewards. Even their noncoms wore different uniforms than white men of the same rank in different jobs. Now more than sixty per cent of the Navy's Negroes are out of the galley and into the regular training and operations cycles.

On the whole, progress in the armed forces since President Truman issued Executive Order 9981 in 1946 is indeed substantial. That order said that the services would require "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons . . . without regard to race, color, religion or national origin." This equality is being won.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Foreseeable Future

A short story set in Southern Rhodesia

M. N. YORK

"FRIENDS of mine have invited some Africans to a cocktail party this afternoon," said my sister Rosamond, who had come round for Sunday-morning tea with Harry and me. "How would you two like to come along?"

"Stirring up the natives again, are you, Rosamond?" my husband said gruffly.

Harry was brought up in Johannesburg, and although he doesn't like Verwoerd and prefers life here in Southern Rhodesia, he thinks the Africans here are being brought on much too fast. Rosamond and I came out of England about fifteen years ago. I must say Rosamond is a bit leftish—though in a respectable, Anglican way—and she doesn't think the Africans are being brought on fast enough. I am always being caught in Harry's and Rosamond's crossfire. To be truthful, I'm not the least bit interested in politics or racial problems, and I must say I long for the old days. Just a short time ago, most of us used to think of Africans as servants and it never entered our heads to worry that one of them might become prime minister. "Government in European hands for the foreseeable future" was a phrase you used often to hear. "Foreseeable future" had a comfortable sound, as if the future, by some scientific, civilized method, were, in fact, foreseeable—perhaps at an observatory. I haven't heard that phrase for some time now.

Nowadays Africans are advancing in a great many ways that certainly weren't foreseeable a few years ago. The cinemas are multiracial, and so are some of our hotel bars and restaurants, and Africans are getting clerical jobs one never dreamed of their having before now. And of course if change must come I'm sure it's better to have it come this way than violently, as it has in other African countries.

Ever since the trouble began in the Congo, our relatives in England have been writing to find out whether we're still alive here in Southern Rhodesia. Apparently none of them can read a map. Salisbury is as far from Elisabethville as London is from Milan. "Hadn't you better get out of there?" they ask. Never. I love my home—the house that Harry and I planned together, Tudor-style with mullion windows. I love the climate and our Rhodesian way of life.

The three of us were having tea in our garden, with all our lovely English flowers in bloom around us —snapdragon and sweet peas and Canterbury bells. Here they grow bigger and more brilliant than they ever can in England, but they need watching; the boy can't take care of them on his own.

"After all," Rosamond was saying, "our government stands for racial partnership. Isn't is time you met some of our partners socially?"

"If you and Beryl want to shake

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a lot of black hands, go ahead," Harry said.

"Who is having the party?" I asked.

"Major and Mrs. L. T. P. Garth-Smithers," Rosamond said triumphantly. "*Now* will you come?"

With a furtive glance at Harry, I said I would. Major Garth-Smithers is an Old Rhodesian. Both his parents came to Salisbury in an ox wagon about 1895. And Mrs. Garth-Smithers is an earl's daughter. They live in a lovely house in Highlands, which is one of Salisbury's nicest parts. In Highlands, there are sixteen thousand Europeans and seventeen thousand Africans, according to the last count. All the Africans, of course, work for the Europeans. Life in Rhodesia has always been very comfortable.

"I never thought old Garth-Smithers gave tuppence for the natives," Harry said. "What's got into him?"

Rosamond explained that the Garth-Smitherses were moving with the times. The party was to be in honor of a Dr. Mwawa, who had just returned to Southern Rhodesia after ten years in London, where he had made quite a name for himself in medical research, Mrs. Garth-Smithers's father, the earl, had met Dr. Mwawa in London and written that he was a quiet, nonpolitical chap, unlike most Africans who go overseas to get educated. Mrs. Garth-Smithers thought it would be a wise thing to show the doctor that he could be accepted here by real Rhodesians, before the local Nationalists got to him and filled him with a lot of rubbish. Just to make sure that he would really come (because Africans haven't quite grasped the responsibility of accepting an invitation and if something comes up that they'd rather do they simply don't appear), the Garth-Smitherses were sending their car to collect him.

I was glad the party was that same evening, so Harry couldn't rag me about it for days ahead. I didn't want to argue with him about Africans. Of course he is always very decent to them. If one of the servants is sick, he'll always put himself out to take him to hospital, and one time when the garden boy put a knife into a native-girl prostitute, Harry even took *her* to hospital—and in the middle of a rainy night, too. But he thinks that they're all born liars and take in laziness and deceit and ingratitude with their mother's milk.

"I'll die with a gun in my hand before I'll ever let a native tell me what to do," he said one day to Rosamond.

"So you will, then," Rosamond said. It made me shudder. Not that I really *believe* it could ever come to that—so long as we Europeans keep up standards. In our house, we always say "please." I never wear shorts, and when Harry or any guest has had a drop too much I

always send the servants off to the compound so that they won't be set a bad example. My servants know my standards and we get along very well. I give them jam with their food rations. I never lock anything up, as many Rhodesian housewives do, except I do lock up the liquor, because it's not fair to tempt them, and I do have a lock on the telephone, because they run up the bill, and I do have a lock on the telly, because there are a lot of programs on telly that aren't really suitable for anybody, let alone Africans. When we go out in the evening, we always take the children along and let them sleep in the car. Lots of Rhodesians do that. It isn't that I wouldn't trust Africans to stay with them, I just simply like to know where my children are and what they're doing. And if you hire a European sitter, even half a dozen times a month, it costs as much as the garden boy's whole month's wages.

When Rosamond and I arrived, somewhat late, at the Garth-Smitherses' party, the Europeans were all standing in the middle of the room under the crystal chandelier, rather stiffly holding glasses and looking at one another, and most of the Africans were sitting down. I suppose that in their society a party means squatting on their haunches around the kraal campfire. I think there must have been about fifty people, about a dozen black and the rest white. I thought Major and Mrs. Garth-Smithers were wonderful to have found a dozen Africans to invite. Rosamond, of course, has met a lot of the Nationalists, the kind who are in and out of jail and that the police have to follow, but the Garth-Smitherses wouldn't want *that* sort. Major Garth-Smithers had got hold of some Africans who work in the civil service (that's another change we've had lately—Africans doing desk jobs in the civil service), and a chap who owns some shops in the native reserves, and another chap who runs a bus service, and one of the African farmers who has been allowed to buy his own farm.

Some of them had brought their wives, including the farmer. I was introduced to two cheery brown women, and one of them said, "We are Mrs. Mtumba. That is our husband over there." Quite frankly, I was rather surprised that the Garth-Smitherses would invite anyone with two wives, but I don't want to seem critical. After all, they were trying very hard.

"Won't you have a chat with our guest of honor?" Mrs. Garth-Smithers asked us nervously. She knew that Rosamond was used to talking to Africans socially and had probably been longing for her to arrive.

Dr. Mwawa was sitting by himself in a Hepplewhite armchair. He didn't rise. I would have thought that in London he'd have learned that a gentleman stands in the presence of ladies

"Oh, Dr. Mwawa!" Rosamond said, very relaxed. "We've heard so much about you. It's wonderful to be able to meet you!" We took the empty chairs beside him.

The doctor inclined his head slightly. He was a very small, birdlike African, with large steel-rimmed glasses, large, prominent ears, and a large suit. His expression was dignified and remote. He held a full glass of orange squash.

"Do you find Southern Rhodesia

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changed since you left?" Rosamond asked.

"Yes and no," said the doctor.

"I see. And how do you find it changed?"

Dr. Mwawa took a moment to consider this. "It has grown," he said.

Major Garth-Smithers brought us drinks and Rosamond took a long swig of hers.

"Have you a wife and children?" I asked.

"No."

"I suppose you didn't have time to think about that in London. Now I expect all the girls will be after you."

Dr. Mwawa smiled slightly and adjusted his spectacles. Then he examined his glass of orange squash as if he wondered why he should have to hold it.

"Are you planning to practice medicine here?" Rosamond asked.

"No."

"Oh. Well, that seems a shame. The Africans so badly need doctors."

"Yes."

Even Rosamond was now losing her composure. We both understood why the chairs beside the doctor had been vacant.

"Oh, there's Jeremiah Shashi!" cried Rosamond suddenly. "Wonderful! I haven't seen him in ages." And she leaped up and hurried off across the room. It was most unkind of her, I thought.

"You don't seem to care for orange squash," I said to the doctor, for he was still glaring at his glass. "May I get you something else? Perhaps some whisky?"

He gave me another of his tiny smiles. "I am a dyed-in-the-wool teetotaler," he said pleasantly.

I reminded myself that he was a graduate of London University, but his use of the idiom startled me. Fortunately, Mrs. Garth-Smithers bustled up as I sat there, frozen in my chair, and introduced a young African who had just arrived, and I made my escape.

ACROSS the room I encountered Ruth Dingman, whom I had never liked—she is one of those women who always want to do things men do better, such as riding a motorcycle or standing for Parliament. She did, in fact, stand in the last election, and was defeated. Now

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she has changed her party liberalward and I have heard that she plans to stand again. She was haranguing the Mtumbas—the farmer and his family—when she spotted me.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes," she said to me, "how nice to see *you* here. Where is your husband?" The Mtumbas drifted away.

"He had another engagement," I said.

"Shame. He would have enjoyed this party, woudn't he?" She looked at me sharply. I gave her one of Dr. Mwawa's tiny smiles.

"Here is Mr. . . . ," she said, waving a hand at a tall, middle-aged African who was standing politely by.

"Reverend Chimanimani," the African said, and put out his hand, which I took. The back of it was black and the palm pinkish. It was the first African hand I had ever touched.

"This is a most agreeable occasion," said the Reverend Chimanimani.

"Oh, isn't it?" Mrs. Dingman agreed enthusiastically. "If more Africans and Europeans got together like this our problems would be solved, wouldn't they! Are you married, Mr. Chimanimani?"

"Yes." He bowed slightly every time he spoke.

"A pity your wife didn't come—or should I say wives!" Mrs. Dingman asked archly.

Mr. Chimanimani's smile faded and he did not bow. "I am a minister, Madam," he said. "I am a minister of the Methodist Church."

There was an awkward pause. "Do you play golf?" I asked the Reverend. Then I remembered that I had never seen an African on a golf course, except caddying.

Rosamond came up just then, bringing Jeremiah Shashi. They had fresh drinks in their hands. Mr. Shashi was a dapper African, wearing a not too clean white dinner jacket and very tight black trousers.

"Rosey has been telling me that you are her sister," he said to me. "I'm surprised I have not met you before."

"Beryl is married to a typical South African," my sister said.

"Then we must brainwash him," said Mr. Shashi genially. "Is he here? Let us start now."

"He's not here," I said thankfully.

"And what do you do?" asked Mrs. Dingman.

"I am a musician. A composer," Mr. Shashi said. "But I work in the post office." He took a long gulp of his drink.

"Jerry is a very talented guitarist," Rosamond said. "He's promised to come to my house soon and bring some friends who play, too."

"Is your band available for parties?" I asked.

"No, no—you don't hire them," Rosamond said crossly. "They play for friends—*as* friends." She walked away.

"I like parties," Jeremiah said. "I like mixing up with people. Black or white. It doesn't matter to me."

"You want Europeans to stay here, *don't* you," Mrs. Dingman said with sudden urgency.

"Europeans, Africans, it doesn't matter to me. Eat together, sleep together, talk together, get the same pay, the same education, the same opportunities." He drank the rest of his drink. "Why should an African get eight pounds a month for the same job that a European gets eighty pounds a month for?"

Mrs. Dingman looked as if she had heard a call to battle. "Now, wait!" she said. "Just wait a minute while I get another drink. I'll talk to you about *that!*"

And off she strode, just like a man, to fill up her glass. I found myself being multiracial on my own.

"It has been really cool lately, hasn't it?" I began.

"Africans feel the cold, you know," Mr. Shashi said accusingly. "White people think we don't mind walking, walking, walking in the cold while they go by in their cars. We mind!"

"Of course," I said soothingly. But what more could I say? Here, take my car?

Back came Mrs. Dingman, grasping a whisky-and-soda.

"Now, my friend," she said. "You mustn't forget that we Europeans have brought you the opportunity to work. We've brought factories, motorcars, everything, haven't we! Before we came, you didn't even have the wheel, *did* you! And you spent all your time fighting and killing one another, didn't you, and using the land improperly!"

As Mr. Shashi began to frown, Mrs. Dingman mustered a broad, conciliatory smile. "Of course it wasn't your fault that you were in that state, but you must give yourselves time to evolve. And evolution takes time. Look at the time it's taken us Europeans," she added graciously.

"And revolution, on the other hand, takes very little time," said Mr. Shashi.

"I hope that is not a threat," Mrs. Dingman said, with a grave expression. "There are laws against that kind of talk, you know."

"Do you think we are happy with the crumbs from your tables?" Mr. Shashi said, raising his voice. "Do you think I don't want a fine car, a fine house like this?" He waved his arms to include the chandelier, the old hunting prints. "It's very nice. I like it. I think I can live very comfortable here."

"I shall send you some pamphlets," Mrs. Dingman said in a kindly tone. "I'm afraid you don't understand economics."

"Now you must all *eat*," Mrs. Garth-Smithers said in a loud, desperate voice, coming up with a fresh display of hors d'oeuvres.

Mr. Shashi dropped his arms to his sides, looked mournfully at the pigs-in-blankets, and helped himself to two. There was a silence while he stuffed them into his mouth.

On the other side of the room, Dr. Mwawa was leaving.

"Jolly good of you to come along," I heard Major Garth-Smithers saying with great heartiness. I did not hear the doctor's reply, if there was one. About a month later, we read in the paper that he had joined the Nationalist Party.

Rosamond came up and whispered to me that she thought we should go, too, in order to get Jerry away

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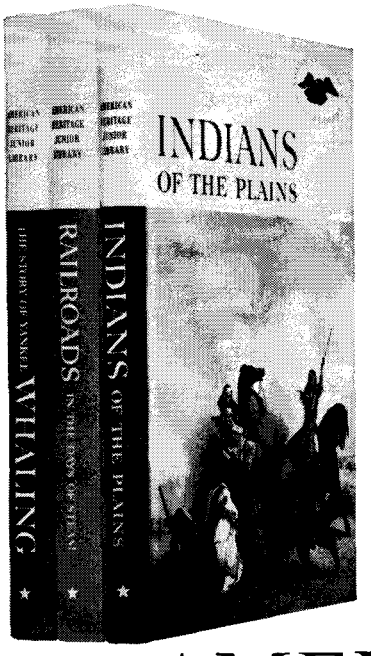

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DOUBLEDAY

before he had drunk too much.

"A lovely party, Sheila, " she said to Mrs. Garth-Smithers.

"Do you think it was a success?" Mrs. Garth-Smithers asked anxiously. "I see Ruth Dingman is taking Mr. Shashi's address, so perhaps they've made friends."

"Perhaps," Rosamond said. "Anyway, it was a smashing effort, Sheila."

Jerry came just behind us, lurching slightly. "Many thanks, Madam," he said to Mrs. Garth-Smithers. "I have enjoyed myself."

"Good. I am so glad."

"I like your house. I could be happy in your house."

"Thank you."

"Africans don't have houses like this."

"Come along, Jerry," Rosamond said, taking him by the arm.

Outside, she steered him to his car and told him to walk around a bit and breathe some fresh air before driving home. There was a full moon and the air was cold and revivifying.

"Yes, Madam," he said.

"And don't call me Madam," Rosamond said.

"But you are acting like Madam. You are being paternalistic."

"You've had too much to drink. I'd say it to anybody, of any color. You know that, Jerry."

He laughed in a way that sounded mocking and disagreeable. I took my sister firmly by the arm.

"Good-night, Mr. Shashi," I said. "Rosamond, come *along*."

"What's the matter?" Rosamond said, as we drove away. "You act as if you were expecting the Mau Mau."

"Don't be silly," I said. "I just think your intoxicated friend rather let his side down."

"Why should he not get drunk?" Rosamond said. "Harry gets drunk."

"But if Mr. Shashi wishes to make a good impression—"

"Maybe we didn't make a good impression on *him*. Have you thought of that?"

"Now, Rosamond," I said firmly. "You must admit it is we who must set the standards. They are only seventy years out of the trees."

"Please don't use that horrible cliché," Rosamond said. "Don't forget that in Southern Rhodesia there are thirteen of *them* to every one of *us*. We must do some compromising."

"Then standards will go down, down, down," I said. "When your friend Mr. Shashi moves into the Garth-Smitherses' house, as he obviously expects to do, he and his twenty or thirty relatives will make it a shambles. They'll stop up the plumbing, use the Hepplewhite for firewood—"

"Oh, rubbish, Beryl." We were at my front gate now. I didn't ask Rosamond in, because I was afraid she would put Harry into a rage.

AFTER she drove away, I stood for a while in the garden in the bright moonlight. It was so bright that you could almost see that the poinsettias were vivid red and the mimosa yellow. Before the Europeans came, the country where Salisbury is now was just brown bush and red-gray rocks. It still is, outside the suburbs. Except in the rainy season, it is very dry and tawny, the perfect cover for lions. Color comes only in snatches—a red aloe, an iridescent bird, a treeful of shiny green Kaffir oranges, or perhaps a deadly snake as tenderly green as new leaves.

Now, while I stood there under the moon and looked at my own well-tended garden, I happened to remember driving along a back-country road one day and suddenly coming upon a few scrawny poinsettias planted by the roadside. Europeans had planted them, of course—Africans don't care about beautifying the roadside—and they were scrawny and pathetic because nobody was watering them or taking care of their soil. I've never told anyone this, because I'm afraid it sounds a bit eccentric, but I stopped the car to see if there wasn't a little stream nearby where I could get some water for them. I even tried to ask a native woman who was trudging by with a baby on her back and a Primus stove on her head, but of course she didn't understand English. She just looked at me out of her black, blank face (that blankness that Harry calls stupidity and Rosamond calls ignorance) and then walked on. I got back into my car and left those perishing dabs of flowers—and I drove away across the vast, dry, lion-colored country. When you live in Salisbury and don't get out of town very often, you really forget you're in Africa.

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 66

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 76 133 208 90 218 96 2 176 24 A concealed explosive attached to some harmless object (5, 4).

B. 30 206 156 10 54 142 14 16 128 4 Precise items of information (5,5).

C. 220 104 154 188 46 122 168 200 212 62 Small pieces of rope passing through eyelet holes of a sail; the name of the midshipmen's handbook at the U.S. Naval Academy (4,6).

D. 74 36 134 172 84 198 92 52 A poisonous alkaloid, $C_{10}H_{14}N_2$.

E. 32 214 216 144 Settlement on the southwest coast of Arabia, including Perim Island.

F. 12 152 164 192 103 Title of a Javanese ruler.

G. 190 66 162 70 224 210 150 182 79 82 Headline in many papers for a time in November, 1948 (5,5).

H. 34 48 72 196 6 178 93 112 166 Meat carcasses of a certain portion sometimes sold to home freezer owners (4,5).

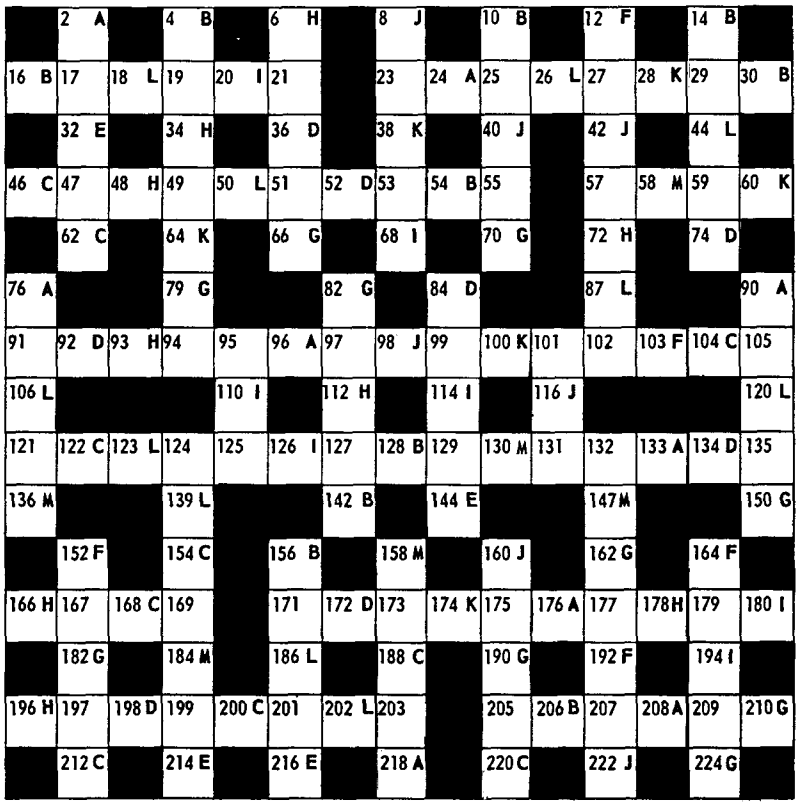
I. 114 194 20 110 126 68 180 Members of the tree family Prunus amygdalus.

J. 40 160 116 42 8 98 222 Sailed with the wind on the quarter (3,4).

K. 38 28 60 64 174 100 A fairy romance by Baron de la Motte Fouqué, 1811.

L. 87 44 120 26 123 50 18 139 186 202 106 A slang term used to express a large sum of money, usually what has been gained in a business deal (4,6).

M. 158 58 130 184 136 147 A jinx.



Across

16. Many on the friend of Abner form a pillar.
23. Once about to cry? That's rich!
46. See 196 across.
57. This nobleman is almost droll when he's about.
91. Not well when subservient to the climate (5,3,7).
121. Is this kind of securing mechanism used to bind alliances together? (11,4).
166. Nips up, and may whirl too.
171. The old boy is under a line, or lines, rather.
196. With 46 across, an epithet applied to the Acrostician (6,2,10).
205. Praise former bridge fare.

Down

2. Bellows forward or about Roman art.
4. Quiet what's under the flank.
6. Survived with no point when confused by such remarks.
8. A game of golf from 171 with no French bays.
10. The Murgatroyd family suffered from this while on a cruise which I left.
12. Think about what still waters do.
14. As (5), an oak source; as (1,4), something on the toe.
76. The kind of game that might be played by a specialized bakery, in short.
82. Was he a first rate person to hold such a bundle?
84. Mark this. I want the doublet.
90. It's all right with the Confederate soldier upset about being out of funds.
95. The French king is found in the broiling sun, poor fellow!
101. This girl has an arbor in one state.
124. Bled about the terminus and got mixed together.
132. A trowel may return this on the investment (3,4).
152. What the actor wants, or how he may speak on stage.
156. Let the sailor die? No! Let him remain, instead.
158. Did the Three Little Pigs' wolf feel this irritated when he couldn't blow the brick house down?
160. Is this serpent the favorite of mathematicians?
164. Is a quiver an appropriate container for this condiment?

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The Relevance of Irreverence

NAT HENTOFF

AMERICAN TOPICAL satire appears to have reached a plateau, and as usual that sort of topography offers few surprises. Mort Sahl has become respectable, at Peter Lawford's. While the demonic Lenny Bruce must still be counted an outsider, Shelly Berman and Bob Newhart are neutral enough to appear frequently on prime-time television. Mike Nichols and Elaine May are on an extended sabbatical. The "Second City" and "Premise" troupes improvise less and focus more on character studies. In the case of "Second City," they are often acutely perceptive, but even these sketches of vulnerable urbanites are more and more predictable—somewhat like a series of off-hours observations by a warm-hearted psychiatric social worker.

The more or less predictable quality of our native irreverence has been shown up with special clarity by the nearly uncontested success of "Beyond the Fringe," a British import at the Golden Theater in New York. It is not that the four shrewd clowns who write and act out their impieties in this revue are more outrageously rebellious than their American counterparts. It is their style which is different. Utterly unsentimental, the members of "Beyond the Fringe" look with abrasive, sometimes chilly skepticism on a considerably more heterogeneous range of targets than our marksmen. They are also less committed to the quasi-documentary realism of the more serious sketches in the Nichols and May or "Second City" repertories. Regarding themselves as "clownish ironists," the four young Englishmen also often leap into swooping farce, as in a manic transmogrification of the prevailing British style of interpreting Shakespeare's historical chronicles.

"Beyond the Fringe" is, furthermore, less taken with the orthodox liberalism that characterizes the various American topical humorists. Its players are not bound, for example, by the rule that if Negroes are to be parodied, they can only be parodied by other Negroes. Jonathan Miller, the company's most resourceful clown, becomes at one point an inflated African nationalist who protests during a British television panel show that in a London musical he has just seen, black men are shown among the underworld types "laying about" the stage.

"Well," the moderator notes calmly, "you might just as well say that the play implies all white people are pimps and prostitutes."

"But that," the African says emphatically, "is fair comment!"

There are, for another example, several caustically fatalistic anti-bomb thrusts, but the players also have their reservations about some of the agitators for peace. ("I yield to no one in my admiration for Bertrand Russell as a philosopher and a nudist. As a thinker, he should stick to thinking.") "Beyond the Fringe" also looks back with a cold eye on the way people ennoble past wars. In "Aftermyth of War," a capsule survey of British pluck during the last major engagement, an officer instructs one of his men: "War is a psychological thing, Perkins, rather like a game of football. I want you to lay down your life, Perkins. We need a futile gesture at this stage. It will raise the whole tone of the war."

Among the rest of "Beyond the Fringe's" corrosive observations are views of the more liberal churchmen ("I think we have to get away from the stuffy old idea of God as holy or something"); a columnist for the Beaverbrook press, who, like some of his counterparts here, is only biding his time to say what he really thinks; and Prime Minister Macmillan, who is impersonated with a mercilessness of detail which no American impression of President Kennedy (or Eisenhower before him) has come close to equaling. There is also an absorbingly ludicrous dialogue between two professors of philosophy in the course of which semantics becomes a hopelessly raveled ball of wool.

THE RANGE of subject matter in "Beyond the Fringe" reflects the broad diversity of interests of its players. Dr. Jonathan Miller, who moves on stage like an anxious Pinocchio, is twenty-eight and a pathologist. Miller is a graduate of Cambridge, as is the elegant Peter Cook, twenty-five, a writer of revues and co-director of the Establishment, a London cabaret where a continuous seminar in satire is conducted by local dissidents and such visiting moralists as Lenny Bruce. Representing Oxford are Alan Bennett, twenty-eight, an owlish historian, and Dudley Moore, twenty-seven, a short, dark, amiably perverse jazz pianist and composer. The quartet was assembled to construct and perform in an undergraduate revue at the 1960 Edinburgh Festival, and by the next year, "Beyond the Fringe" was firmly established in London, where it continues while the original cast has begun what will surely be a long American stand.

Offstage, Dr. Jonathan Miller

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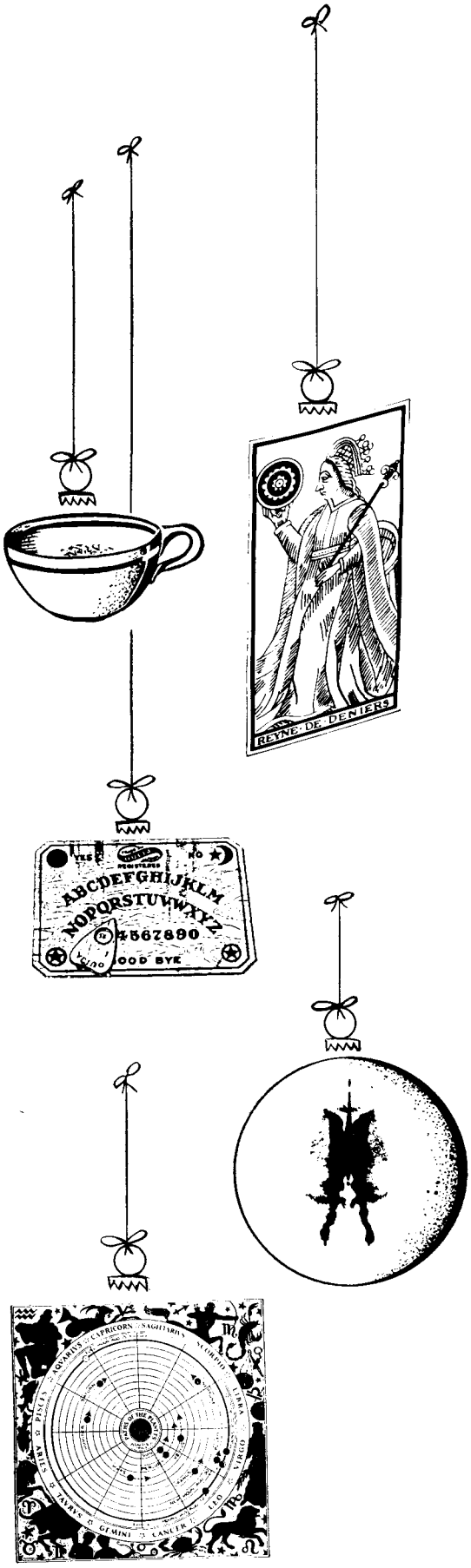

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Acrostician— L. NORSTAD

is the staff's resident analyst of comedy. Swiftly lucid in conversation, Miller has several major reservations about the American comedic scene. "For the past five years," he remarked recently, "we had been led to believe that satire had been flourishing in America like a tiny lethal mongoose. On closer examination, however, it does not appear to be nearly so pointed and relevant as the satirists themselves maintain. Mort Sahl, as a political observer, is more of a name-dropper than a satirist. He's actually in the Bob Hope tradition, inserting political names into wisecracks. His political point of view, such as it is, is watery and not particularly accurate. He is very perceptive in his urban commentary—life among the overprivileged 'rebels' in New York and San Francisco. But we were rather disappointed when Sahl came to London, rented a Rolls-Royce, and holed up in the most luxurious penthouse of the Dorchester Hotel.

" 'The Premise,' 'Second City,' and Nichols and May," Miller continued, "do strike deeper than Sahl, but the depths they reach are the curiously self-absorbed familial depths of the analytically oriented. They represent a section of American society which has grown up quite aware of the Oedipal situation and is very articulate about it. They're at their best in illustrating the many ways in which people fail to relate to each other. More specifically, much of their comedy seems to be tied in with the Jewish family structure. They are very astute at that level, but when seen by an Englishman, their perspective seems rather parochial. The family, after all, is not the whole world, and there are other ways in which one can be penetrating besides focusing on the syndromes caused by the mother who tried to overfeed her son with noodle soup.

"Lenny Bruce," Miller emphasized, "is the only American satirist who continues to go beyond the topically political and the convoluted family circle. For him the marrow of the human condition is not political or otherwise social, but is rather that soft, fleshy thing concerned with sex, privacy, and the body. Bruce is genuinely agonized in the way a real satirist should be. In a way, he may be destroying himself, but in the act of self-destruction, he gets a sharp, harsh, fire-lit view of human nature."

Although Miller and his colleagues admire Bruce enormously, they do not consider themselves as operating primarily in his vein of satire. "We do come from comfortable families, you see," Miller noted. "We're educated, well-established Englishmen who have tea in the afternoon and friends in later for coffee and talk. So you see, skepticism and irony are more a luxury for us than a necessity."

Nonetheless, the members of the "Beyond the Fringe" troupe do have a strongly felt conception of what constitutes meaningful satire. "We try," Miller has said, "to be relevant rather than strictly topical." Miller, like his colleagues, will probably return to his primary vocation after the New York run ends. But he also expects to go on writing (he is an occasional contributor to the *New Statesman* and other British journals) and perhaps to continue performing.

"There is a great deal more," Miller is convinced, "which can be done in the kind of relevant satire I prefer to concentrate on. I would like, for example, to see on stage something like that section in Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* during which a group of politically and socially liberal people destroy themselves on a short holiday in the mountains. The incident is set against the thunderclouds of imminent war, and here they are wolfishly and harshly acting out the forces that create war.

"I don't believe," Miller concluded, "that satire has to be more far out, more outrageous. On the contrary, rather than trying for humor by shock, we can reveal a great deal more by being more complex, more detailed, and more subtle. That kind of approach may well turn out to have effects which are more outrageous than any radically different 'new' satirical style could produce. There is, after all, small indication that we ourselves are becoming radically different. And for all the 'insights' of psychoanalysis, we have only begun to look at what we are."

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RECORD NOTES

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 4. Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, William Steinberg, cond. (*Command Classics* 11016SD, *stereo* $5.98.)

The alliance of Dr. Steinberg's admirable orchestra with Command's astute sound crew continues to produce some startlingly beautiful recordings. This Beethoven Fourth is one of their best efforts, and one would be hard put to say exactly how much of its success is owing to art and how much to technics. To be sure, the zestful spontaneity and good humor of this interpretation have nothing to do with microphone placement, nor the instrumentalists' nimble articulation with wide-range magnetic film. But where goes the credit for the keenly adjusted balances between strings and woodwind or for the scintillant tone of violins and cellos? At any rate, the sound of the Beethoven orchestra has never been put on record with more seductive clarity; here every strand in the symphonic fabric can be plainly differentiated, yet without the tendency toward fragmentation that sometimes afflicts recordings of marked presence and separation.

RAFAEL PUYANA: "THE GOLDEN AGE OF HARPSICHORD MUSIC." Rafael Puyana, harpsichord. (*Mercury MG* 50304, *mono* $4.98; *SR* 90304, *stereo*, $5.98.)

Though there is hardly a harpsichordist before the public today who did not receive a few lessons at one time or another from Wanda Landowska, that exigent lady viewed many of these "Landowska pupils" with a jaundiced eye. For one of her students, however, she had nothing but high praise—and the highest hopes. It has taken several years for this remarkable young Colombian harpsichordist, Rafael Puyana, to be "discovered" by a record company, but at last we have a full-length recital by him. Puyana shares many of his teacher's most winning qualities —a talent for commanding an apparently limitless variety of sonorities from his instrument (like Landowska, he uses the large Pleyel harpsichord), an irresistible rhythmic flair, and the ability to put scrupulous scholarly knowledge at the service of a magnetic and instinctive temperament. His discerning recital ranges from "My Lady Carey's Dompe" of 1500 to a classical sonata by Mateo Albéniz (1760-1831), with stopovers en route for Bach (the Concerto in D minor, after Alessandro Marcello), Scarlatti, and the French *clavecinistes*. All told, Puyana has made a distinguished record debut.

WAGNER: DIE WALKURE. Birgit Nilsson, Gré Brouwenstijn, Jon Vickers, *et al.*; London Symphony Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, cond. (*RCA Victor LDS* 6706, *stereo*, $30.98; *five records.*)

Now that stereo recording techniques are able to capture the full breadth, depth, and range of Wagner's sonic discourse, one's living room has become the ideal locale for savoring the master's music dramas. Instead of gazing across the footlights at beefy, broad-chested gods and mortals—and having to make continual allowances for their cumbersome, sometimes ludicrous deportment on stage—we can allow our fancies to roam unhindered, envisaging for ourselves the resplendent spectacle suggested by Wagner's poetic and musical imagery. At home, moreover, we are able to listen with libretto in hand and thus to appreciate details of plot and characterization that pass unnoticed in the opera house. When our attention focuses on Wagner's words instead of on his all-too-heroic interpreters, certain passages assume an entirely new significance.

For example, the long colloquy between Wotan and Brünnhilde in the second act of *Die Walküre* can seem almost unbearably tedious in the theater—the two singers standing immobile amid a landscape of papier-maché rocks, while Wotan holds forth at interminable length in a gruff, unmelodic parlando. But when you set the scene in the mind's eye and follow the train of Wagner's thought word by word, the drama of Wotan's predicament springs to life and for the first time one sees this scene—with its complex interweaving of word and *leitmotiv*—as one the composer's grandest achievements.

So much for the general delights of Wagner via loudspeaker. To get

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down to particulars, we are offered this fall a new stereo recording of *Die Walküre* impellingly directed by Erich Leinsdorf and performed, with one or two possible exceptions, by as fine a cast as can be assembled today. The Canadian tenor Jon Vickers is assuredly the most believable Siegmund since Lauritz Melchior—with much the same ability to encompass tender warmth as well as ringing exultation—and the Dutch soprano Gré Brouwenstijn is one of the few postwar singers who come within hailing distance of Lotte Lehmann's ardent, womanly Sieglinde. David Ward is perhaps a bit too refined for Hunding (the black-voiced Gottlob Frick would have been a more apt choice for this sinister character), but there is no possible cause for complaint about the passionate, imperious Fricka of Rita Gorr or about Birgit Nilsson's recklessly precise Brünnhilde. George London's Wotan, good though it is, will undoubtedly be better in a few years' time. His well-sung and intelligently conceived characterization falls short as yet of the regal grandeur and the sense of doomed helplessness that Hans Hotter can bring to the role.

Fortunately, much of Hotter's Wotan—together with Lehmann's Sieglinde and Melchior's Siegmund—is available in a recent microgroove reissue (German Electrola E 80686/88) of Acts I and II in a prewar recording. For sheer interpretative magic and vitality this ancient recording remains in a class by itself, a sort of Wagnerian yardstick by which other performances must be measured. But the yardstick is truncated (Act III was left unrecorded, Act II is cut), and the sound by contemporary standards seems fairly dim. As a total re-creation of *Die Walküre,* then, the new stereo set is the one to have. It is complete down to the last note, and the engineering provides a thrillingly reasonable facsimile of the real thing. The booklet —as usual with RCA's Soria Series productions—has been edited with care and taste, and the typographic layout of the libretto allows the listener to follow both German text and English translation without having to play the customary game of ocular Ping-pong.

—ROLAND GELATT

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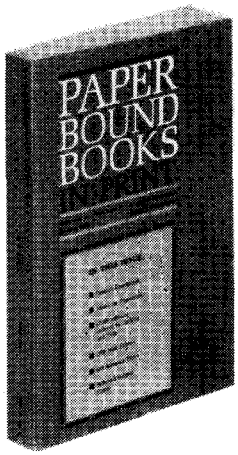

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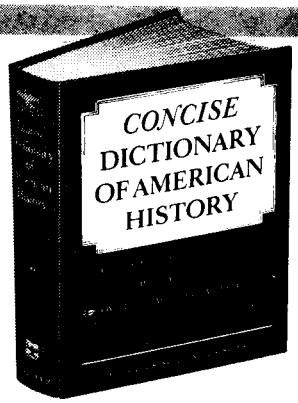

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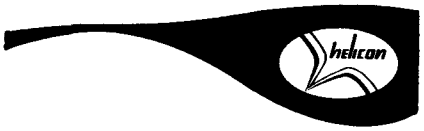

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BOOKS

'I Know Where I Am From'

A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

WOLF WILLOW, by Wallace Stegner. *Viking. $5.95.*

I grew up, if a man ever may be said to have grown up, in the raw little stockmen's town of Choteau, Montana, where perhaps 999 other people lived in the days of my early boyhood. It was thirty miles from the nearest railroad, a narrow gauge, and sixty miles by stagecoach from the metropolis of Great Falls, which boasted streetcars, the world's largest smokestack, and a population of eight to ten thousand. North of us was the Blackfoot Indian reservation; and one of my early memories is that of having been chased from a temporary encampment at Choteau where my senior companions tried to snap pictures of the visiting braves and squaws. The Indians, it was said, thought a camera transferred their souls from person to picture. Anyhow, they ran us off.

For my parents Choteau was a lonely place, I know now, a place made tolerable to my father especially by its physical setting alone, a place made remote and alien by the want of intellectual excitements except those provided by books. Father was a bookish man, a teacher, the first and long-time principal of the Teton County Free High School; and here was a community whose prime if not quite only interests were cattle and sheep and grass and, to many, Kentucky corn liquor, which he frowned on. Like him, Mother was a Hoosier and a college graduate, the possessor of a gentle but inquiring mind, and they turned more and more to each other in this great and lonely land.

But if it was lonely to them, it wasn't to me. Just outside, within easy walking, were the fields and the fringes of woods along streams clear as air where suckers and whitefish and trout lay and flood water had scoured swimming holes at the bends. Gophers inhabited the fields and could be snared and sometimes tamed and sometimes, for fun, forced down the throat after being half-roasted on a stick. Prairie chickens with their nervous laughter fluttered from the thickets and could be shot when a boy was old enough. So could the teals and mallards on the potholes, the cottontails that sat fluid-eyed and sunning at the edges of the brush, the jack rabbits that bounced over the flatlands, leaving puffs of dust in seasons when stockmen searched the sky for rain.

And the wild fruits. The chokeberries. The bullberries. The sarviceberries, which Father insisted against all local tongues properly were serviceberries. We harvested them, we youngsters particularly, for employment in pies and jams and syrups.

Shooting small game, catching fish, gathering berries, we got the feeling —I did at least—of self-sufficiency, the cozy comfort of being one with Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson. Nature wasn't too much for me. By wit and skill I lived on it.

Even winter had rewards. Skating. Sledding. Trapping muskrats. Daring blizzards while the snow cried to the step. Napping warm behind the big wood range, our dog alongside. The good cries of voices, sharpened by below-zero. The appearance of the cultural nonentity on the lyceum program, the cultural event of most importance. And after frost the chinook would blow, the benevolent wind from the west; and it sighed or whistled the promise of spring and all the waiting glories of the resurrection.

It was all good to a boy, all grand. He could look to the west, to the blue or snow-mantled wall of the Rockies, and find assurance there. Or he could look east or south or north and feel at home in distances beyond reach of the mind. He was a natural part of this world, friend and killer of animals, eater of wild flesh and wild fruits, dipper in the

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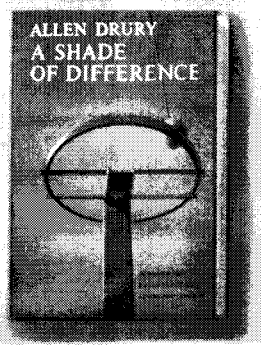

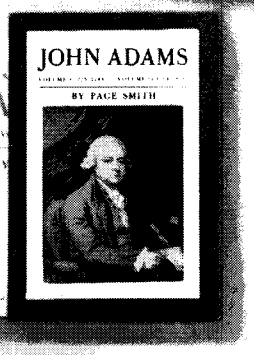

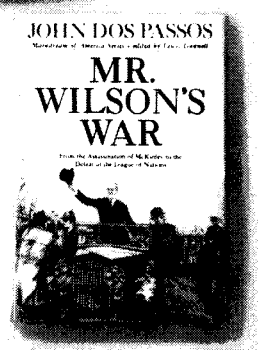

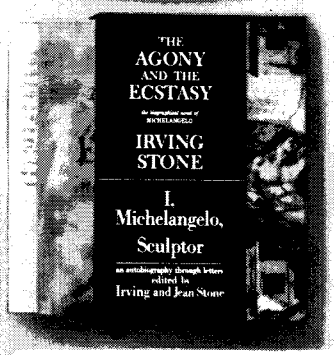

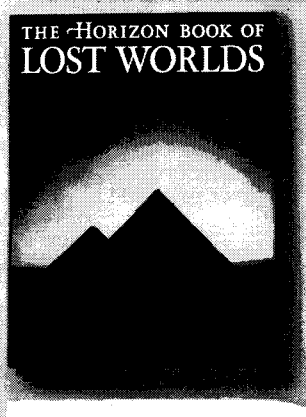

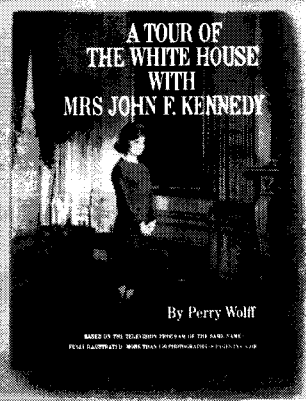

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waters, braver of the blizzards, finder of the first Johnny-jump-up and the woodsy Indian moccasin, hound-smeller of the seasons, of the growth he trod unseeing on, his nose undulled by age and nicotine.

I remember well, yet can't say how I'm shaped or how frontier experience relates me to the world. Put it differently, I am the product of a time and place, and no amount of thinking will effect much change. Son of a scholar, boy of the woods, I am part European, part aborigine. It amuses me to recall that I used to like fat words, if only for self-elevation. Now—I've learned this much—I strain for simplicity, counting among other reasons my own simplicity.

I AM COMING AROUND to talk about a book and excuse this personal and irregular approach on the ground that the author had a childhood much like mine.

Wallace Stegner spent his young years in southwestern Saskatchewan near the Montana border in the Cypress Hills country, so named out of confusion of cypress with jack pine. Here was big country, too, then and now thinly populated. Here was a boy, like me, who got a place in his system and as a man can't get it out, no matter that he's long since moved away. He knew the distances, the animals, the Indians, the poor striving people, the smell of wolf willow, the feel of swimming-hole water, the great loneliness that is loneliness only in retrospect.

He revisited the place, in preparation presumably for his book, after an absence so lengthy that his connections largely were with places and memories, not men or boys he had known; and he has brought to bear on recollection the perception and confessed acknowledgment of origin of a wise and probing mind.

I have read his book twice and gone over paragraphs time after time, always with increased admiration, and I have asked myself whether others will respond as I have, no matter where their home towns. My answer is yes, for there is too much here for frontier environment alone. Reading it, I inserted slips of paper between pages with passages I wanted to quote, not wanting to earmark such a good book. When I got through, my copy had more protrusions than a porcupine. I quote just one paragraph that I shall remember:

"I may not know who I am, but I know where I am from. I can say to myself that a good part of my private and social character, the kinds of scenery and weather and people and humor I respond to, the prejudices I wear like dishonorable scars, the affections that sometimes waken me from middle-aged sleep with a rush of undiminished love, the virtues I respect and the weaknesses I condemn, the code I try to live by, the special ways I fail at it and the kinds of shame I feel when I do, the models and heroes I follow, the colors and shapes that evoke my deepest pleasure, the way I adjudicate between personal desire and personal responsibility, have been in good part scored into me by that little womb-village and the lovely, lonely, exposed prairie of the homestead. However anachronistic I may be, I am a product of the American earth, and in nothing quite so much as in contrast between what I knew through the pores and what I was officially taught."

A Voice From the Floor

NELSON W. POLSBY

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE: LETTERS OF A CONGRESSMAN, by Clem Miller. Edited, with additional text, by John W. Baker, *Scribner's paperback. $2.*

Two weeks after his book was published, Representative Clem Miller perished, at forty-six, in the wreck of a small airplane high in the mountains of his home district, the First of California, where he was campaigning for his third term in Congress. The book he has left behind is a fitting memorial. It gathers together the newsletters he wrote with characteristic verve and spontaneity to a selected number of friends and neighbors back home. The letters are not the usual pastiche of self-serving comments and stale jokes that many congressmen send out,

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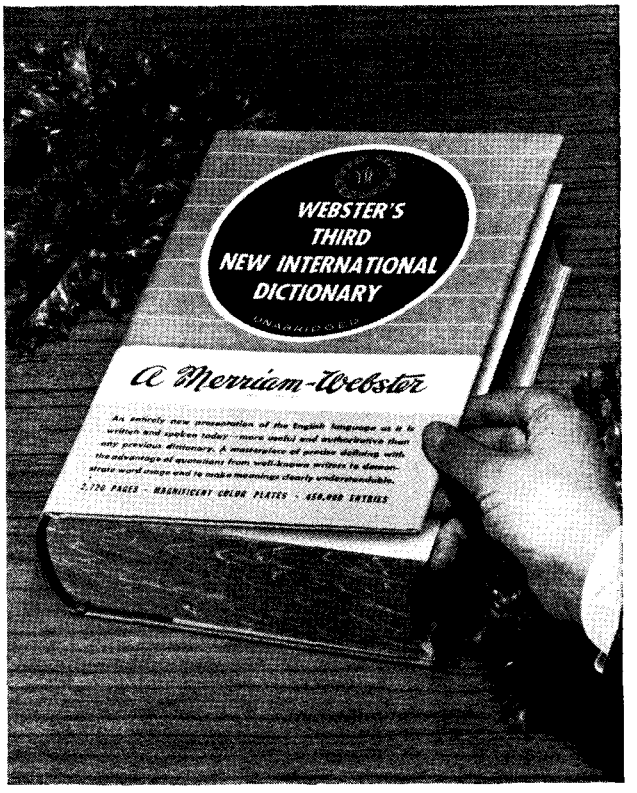

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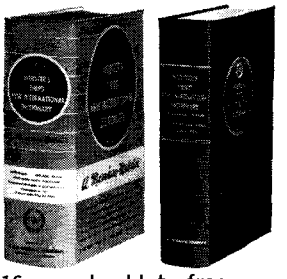

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but thoughtful essays on the way things are in the House of Representatives.

The extraordinary aptness of his portrait of the House, which Miller sketched from month to month during two terms in office, invites generous quotation. Here is how he describes the ways in which multiple demands on a congressman's time undercut the legislative process on the House floor:

". . . So much of what occurs on the Floor is routine. There are only rare occasions when circumstances *demand* one's presence. Thus, what is of overriding significance gives way to what is immediate. The competing interests, the endless details of congressional routine, take hold. Members are called to the Floor for a quorum call as the afternoon's debate begins. Soon, nearly everyone arrives to answer his name. Most stay for a while, listening and chatting. Then, inevitably, the drift begins. Pages hurry up and down the aisles with sheaves of messages, calling a congressman to argue with an executive department on behalf of a constituent, or to tell a garden club delegation why he favors the Shasta daisy for the national flower. Or the Member goes downstairs for lunch, or over to the Senate, or downtown to a conference. . . . Almost without volition, he finds himself back in his office trying to keep up with the mail, interviewing and being interviewed by a stream of callers. Now, he is too far away to get back to the Floor for a teller vote."

Miller's observations draw the reader into the web of the congressman's world, showing why things are as they are instead of the way they "ought" to be. The supreme value of this lesson is that it should come from a self-confessed liberal idealist who shared most of the policy preferences of those who habitually condemn Congress in the most scathing terms. The author makes it quite clear that the first job of anyone who would deal successfully with Congress is to understand how it really works. And understanding demands an appreciation of the role of ritual, symbol, and precedent in House affairs, a grasp of the reasons for the specialization of functions, and of the necessities for comity among the specialized committees. One can begin to see how it comes to pass that the House is ruled by an oligarchy of elders which fluctuates in size and power depending upon external circumstances. Miller writes of the leaders of the House:

"Yes, they lead, but they lead only because they win. If they cannot be certain of winning, they don't want to go. Latent power, negative power, is so much better than power committed that lacks victory as a capstone. Hence, the legislative timidity of the Congress. . . . Hence the great time lags for the consideration of legislation . . . while the Leadership waits for the pressures to build . . . Hence, the distaste for short cuts . . . distaste for battle just for the sake

of battle, distaste for the Discharge Petition, and for Calendar Wednesday, and for the Democratic Caucus."

UNDERSTANDING the House also means seeing its strength as a social institution that educates its young and shows them what they may and may not do. Congressmen share certain experiences that to a degree separate them from other men—the crucible of running for elective office, the rigors of campaigning that bind them together. "These people, these congressmen," Miller observes, "have all been through the mill. They have returned from the indifferent cruelties of the political wars. They may have been saddened by the failure of friends to understand as much as they were outraged by the indignities suffered from their opponents. Elections are unrelenting and painful."

Those who have survived this ordeal soon acquire a certain wariness about what it takes to get a bill passed: "The congressman may seek to take the castle by scaling the walls in open combat or by a sapping operation under the moat." A particular tactical problem may require the greatest subtlety: "Here is the choice: If he is silent, perhaps the

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Senate will restore the item to the bill. If he speaks up and is beaten, he will *never* get it back. And the chances of winning are better than 500 to one against."

Only rarely does an edge of exasperation show through Miller's humorous and tolerant tone, as when he speaks of the problems of keeping the Democratic Party in the House together: "It takes organization. It takes discipline. And these Democrats do not have in large measure. Discipline works in a democracy if it is understood. Indoctrination and organization are weak on the Democratic side. The Democrats don't meet to talk things over, to be persuaded, to be sold. We don't meet in caucus because Leadership fears that it would irreparably breach the tenuous links with the South. So we go our own way. . . . the Republicans caucus, lock horns, knock heads, and show up to vote in season and out . . ."

But Miller rarely bothered with recrimination in his search for a formulation that will explain what is actually going on:

"Members will frequently, and even customarily, follow a committee chairman against their own best interests and against the dictates of friendship or reason . . . The committees with their chairmen are like a string of forts. The northern coalition, as the attackers, are spread out, with poor communication and hence poor co-ordination. They have no base of power from which to menace the chairmen on the one hand or to discipline their members on the other."

For Clem Miller, the key to politics was understanding, not moralizing. His was a mind that ruminated upon the classic questions of politics: What moves men? What prizes do they covet? When are they hesitant? When bold? What leads them to affection? To animosity? Despite the tragic brevity of his writings and his life, despite the frustrations of just causes lost in the most intractable of political milieux, Clem Miller's book is a salute to the fundamental decency of his colleagues in the House and a testament to the sharpness of his sensibilities and the precision of his mind.

Whence Comes Their Passion

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE LONG SHADOW OF LITTLE ROCK, by Daisy Bates. *David McKay. $4.75.*

The huge, often explosive facts of the civil-rights upheaval in the South are the familiar stuff of the daily newspaper. Montgomery, Little Rock, and now Oxford, Mississippi, are internationally famous. Social scientists like Gunnar Myrdal, E. Franklin Frazier, and C. Vann Woodward have put these developments into a historical and statistical context. And yet there is an elusive, even inexplicable, human dimension to this story. An America generally apathetic toward social idealism and radical protest has discovered a generation of heroes in its midst. Who are these young Negroes who brave mobs and fill the jails? Typically they are well-dressed, soft-spoken, determined. Whence comes their passion?

Daisy Bates was the leader of the NAACP in Little Rock during the 1957 crisis. Her memoir, *The Long Shadow of Little Rock,* will add little to the analytical professional literature on race relations. Yet it is an important book, if only because its vantage point is the view from behind a rock-shattered window rather than from a library. It begins to fill in the missing human dimensions; it deals with people and motives.

Why was a woman who, with her husband, had achieved the considerable status of a successful newspaper publisher, in the midst of this violent struggle? One answer is autobiographical. As a little girl, Mrs. Bates remembers carrying on a bitter, silent psychological war with a drunken white man. He had probably participated in the rape-murder of her mother. Her own father had fled the horror of what had happened; those who raised her tried to shield her from the past. They could not. That past, Mrs. Bates recounts, began to crumble when the Negro servicemen returned from the Second World War. They had had the relative, limited racial freedom of the Army, of the American North and overseas. The old accommodations,

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the rites of bountiful white folks and grateful Uncle Tom, had become impossible to them. One man whom Mrs. Bates remembered had his eyes beaten blind by a sheriff when he talked back. But even terror could not dam the pent-up aspirations that had been released.

The time came when a series of events converged: the Supreme Court ruled against segregation in public education; the American dilemma became a terrible political liability in a post-imperialist world; the migration of Negroes to cities, South and North, subverted the night riding tactics of intimidation so effective in the lonely countryside. It became possible to believe that long-repressed desires could be fulfilled.

THE CHILDREN who followed Mrs. Bates's lead in Little Rock were, in a sense, more than a century old. According to racist myth, they should have been the creatures of "outside agitators." Yet, as Mrs. Bates vividly describes it, they were conscious volunteers. If there were fears and second thoughts, they came from the adults. The students, incredible as it may seem, wanted to face the mob if that was the only way to integrate the schools.

Yet, what did this heroism achieve? At the end of the book, Mrs. Bates speaks bitterly of the slow rate of integration progress. Five years after the breakdown of law in Little Rock, there were only seventy-eight Negroes in the white schools of that city. For the Negro, this snail's pace of advance is provocative of the frustration and hatred which has made the Black Muslims a serious movement.

Ironically, Mrs. Bates's memoir appears in the midst of a crisis far more explosive than Little Rock. In Arkansas there were no deaths, and Governor Faubus, for all the guilt he incurred, did not take a stand of outright defiance of the law. In Mississippi, it took more than ten thousand troops to register a single Negro at the University, and Governor Barnett went to the very brink of insurrection.

But bleak as the prospect is, I find a note of optimism in Mrs. Bates's book. One remembers the famous news photo of Elizabeth Eckford, the young Negro girl who faced the Little Rock mob all alone. In the weeks after that experience, Mrs. Bates writes, the girl was literally plagued with nightmares. Yet she and the others stayed on at Central High, and in a city's schools where once there were nine under the guard of troops, now there are seventy-eight. If history moved arithmetically, that would be a depressing outcome. But it does not, and therein lies the hope.

After Little Rock, there were the lunch-counter sit-ins, and then the campaigns to register voters which invaded Mississippi itself. As Gandhi remarked, the first consequence of nonviolent action is to harden the heart of those who are being assaulted by charity. But, he continued, all the while they are being driven to a frenzy of rage, they are haunted by the terrible knowledge of how wrong they are. This is an unassuming book, yet it communicates the personal, irrepressible power of this strange generation of youthful heroes in our midst, and it gives reason to hope that Gandhi's theory will be vindicated in the South. How much courage and morality can racism withstand?

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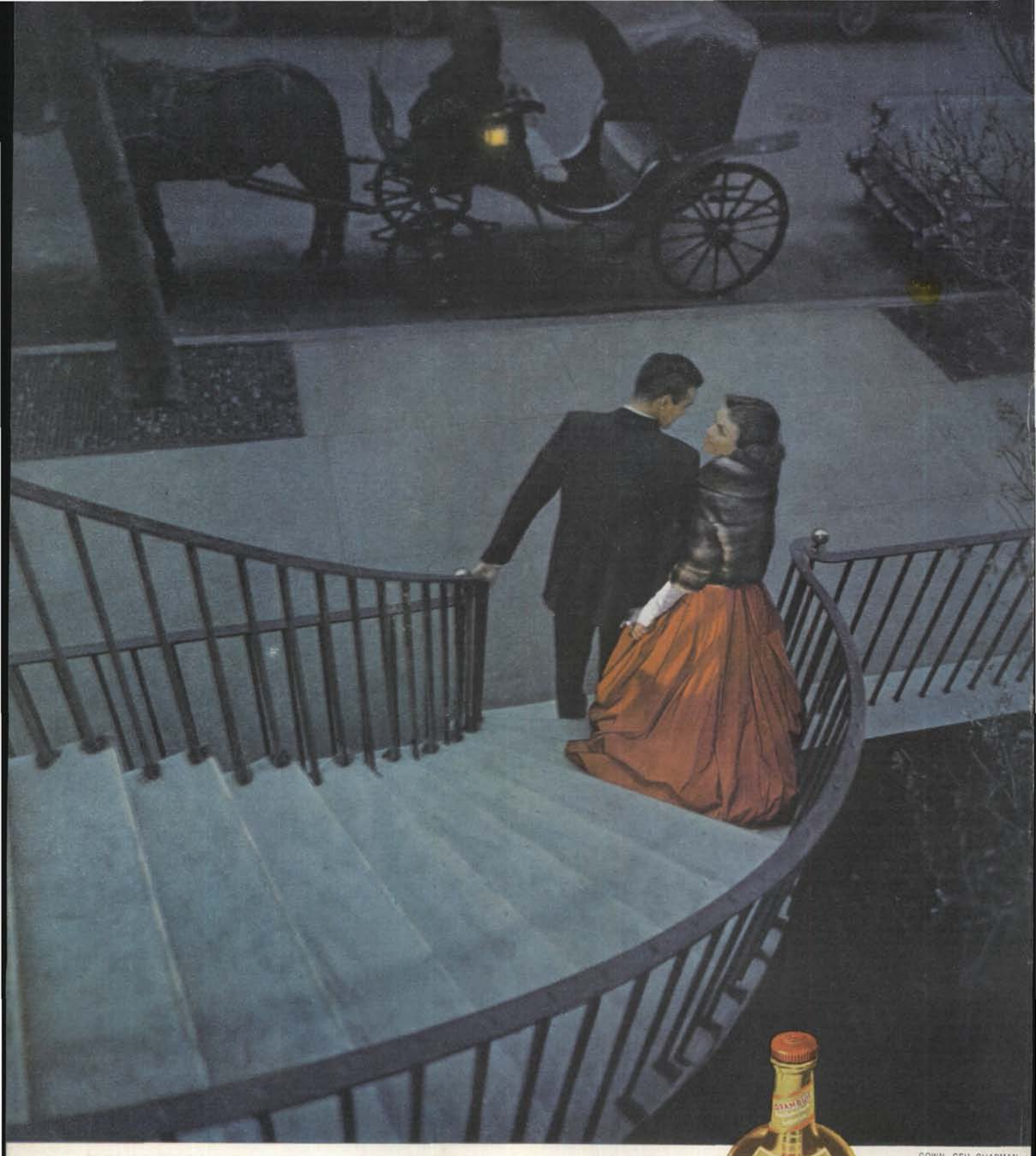

GOWN, CEIL CHAPMAN

Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie

THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY BASE

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